HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1889.

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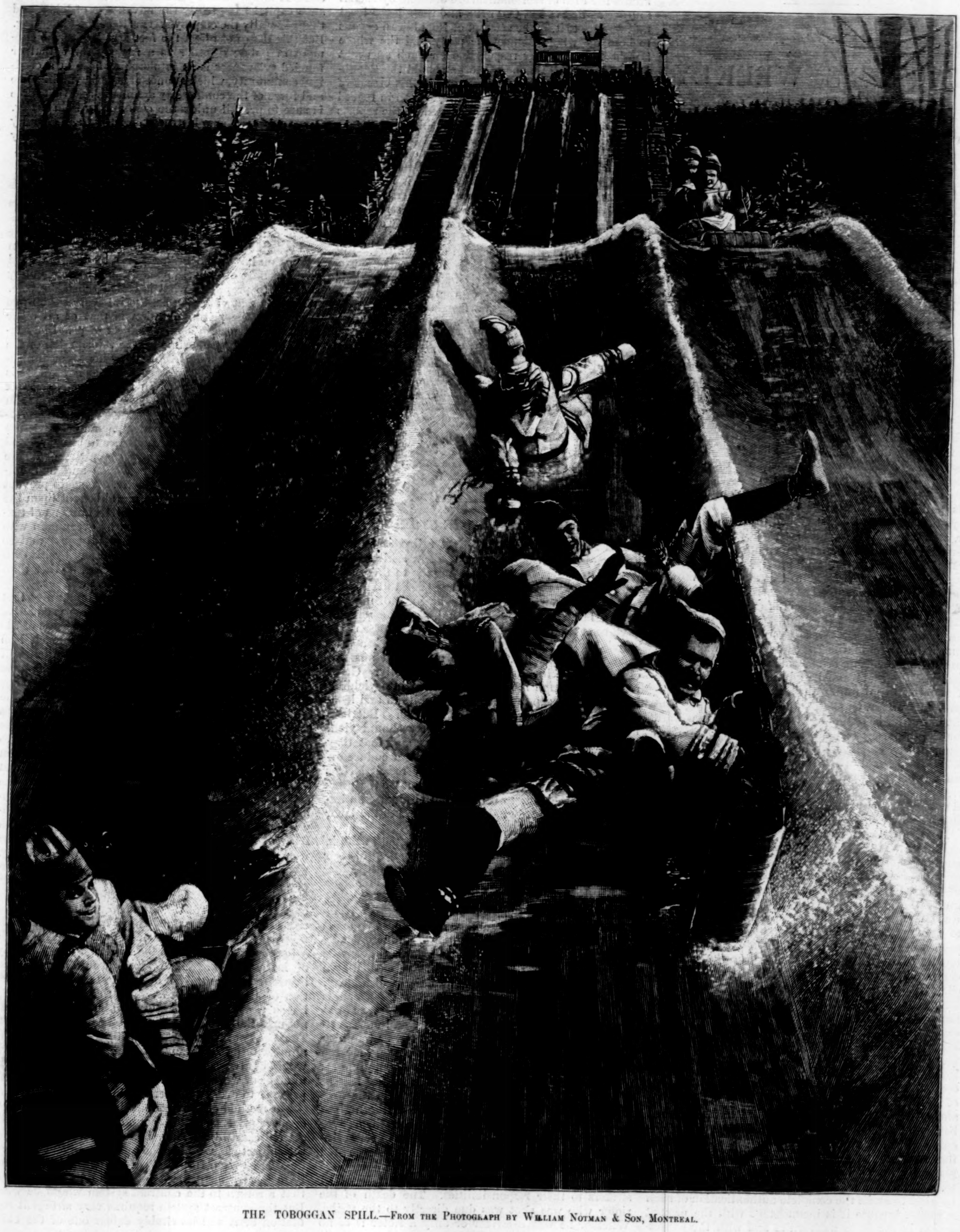

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AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The number for February 12th is a Valentine Number. It opens with a picture called "Love's Valentine," drawn by JESSIE SHEPHERD.

"Little Lady Betty's Valentine" is the title of a story by AGNES CARR SAGE, *with an illustration by* H. MCVICKAR. *"Where Cupid took his Valentine" is a poem with illustrations by* JESSIE MCDERMOTT.

The principal illustration is

LILACS,

AFTER THE PAINTING BY SIR JOHN E. MILLAIS, R.A.

MRS. SOPHIE B. HERRICK *contributes her second article on "Little Experiments," and* R. W. MCALPIN *has an interesting short paper called "An Hour with the A B C."*

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An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *is issued gratuitously with this number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE CLAYTON MURDER.

In the old days of the Ku-Klux in some of the Southern States the worst aspect of the situation was the apparent indifference or acquiescence of the more intelligent part of the community in such outrages and crimes. If we recall correctly the debate upon the Southern situation of that time between General GARFIELD and Mr. LAMAR in the House, this was one of the chief points that GARFIELD emphasized. There is, indeed, no surer test of humane civilization than the sensitiveness of a community to violations of law, and especially to atrocious crimes. But when the victims of such crimes are of a partially outlawed class or the especial friends of that class, and not the individual disorders to which every community is liable, the incident is of the utmost gravity. It was so with the whippings and hangings and murders of the Ku-Klux, and it is so with the recent assassination of JOHN M. CLAYTON in Arkansas. This was apparently a political murder of a man of whom his political opponent, the Governor of the State, says that he was of unquestioned integrity and honor, standing high in general estimation, and whose personal conduct could have given offence to no one. But the general feeling and prompt activity of the State authorities in regard to this atrocious murder show how great a change has occurred since the days of the Ku-Klux. The Democratic Governor of the State instantly offered the highest reward which the law authorized for the arrest of the murderer, and sent a message to the Legislature denouncing the murder as a revolting crime which would disgrace the name of the State and its administration of justice if suffered to go unpunished, speaking in the highest terms of Mr. CLAYTON, and recommending that the Governor be authorized to offer a suitable reward for the discovery of the criminal. The Legislature immediately empowered him to offer a reward of $5000, and several towns have subscribed to raise the amount of the reward. The press, like the Governor, has warmly denounced the crime, and the general sentiment would seem to be one of natural horror and indignation.

It is, however, asserted by the brothers of Mr. CLAYTON that no citizen of the town in which the murder occurred and no local officer of the law made any effort whatever to discover or arrest the assassin, that the sheriff declined to move in the matter, that no local reward for the discovery of the criminal was offered, and that in fact no measures were taken to show either the local indignation and shame at such a crime or a disposition for its proper punishment. This is almost incredible of any American community, and the story must not be readily accepted. It is the more singular because Arkansas papers have denounced the crime in unmeasured terms, and because considerations of mere expediency must have suggested that such indifference could not but deeply injure the local community and the State itself in the opinion of the Union and of all honorable American citizens. Political murders, of course, might occur in Maine or Minnesota. But local carelessness of such a murder and the failure of local magistrates and officers to take action in regard to it could not be true of those States. The significance of the circumstances as reported is enhanced by the fact that the local magistrates and officers and the citizens generally in the neighborhood where Mr. CLAYTON was murdered are all of the opposing party. It would be wiser to await the complete authentication of such a report, because it is inconsistent with the prompt action of the State authorities and with the expression of the general feeling. It is a matter of national concern that every incident which can be wrested for the purpose is now turned to inflame sectional feeling, and there is no doubt of the persistent force of that feeling. It is his perception of this fact which led to Mr. SCHURZ'S remark that one of the chief tactical mistakes of the tariff reformers in the late campaign was that of presenting as its chief advocates conspicuous Southern politicians, and Mr. MILLS recently said that the defeat of Mr. CLEVELAND was perhaps chiefly due to the cry of rebel brigadiers. This feeling was apparent, under whatever forms of courtesy, in the recent tariff debate in the Senate.

This is a feeling which no patriotic and honorable man will inflame. The paramount duty of every good citizen is to resist in every fair way the spirit of mere sectionalism. But the combined efforts of Congress and stump-orators in this part of the country to kindle the fires of sectionalism are outdone by such a murder as that of Mr. CLAYTON and the alleged local indifference to it. The attempt of Republican organs to hold the whole Democratic party and the whole Southern community responsible for such an event is natural, as the Democratic organs hold the Republican party responsible for DUDLEY and his blocks of five. But the feeling which is not partisan in regard to such a local situation as is disclosed by the reports of the CLAYTON murder is one of which intelligent citizens of the Southern States should be made fully aware, and of which they should take close account. Certain things are impossible in truly American communities, and if anywhere they occur it is because such communities are not essentially American. The crimes of the Ku-Klux were in a certain sense natural, but only because the places in which they occurred were in a certain sense barbarized. Such crimes were not natural in civilized American communities. But their significance need not be exaggerated. The whole West and Northern civilization are not held responsible for the crimes of the frontier and the mining camps, or for election frauds in Ohio or Indiana, and it is not only grossly unjust, but absurd, to stigmatize the whole Democratic party and the whole "South" as practically conniving at crime because of a local indifference to a political murder, especially in view of the fact that the State and its authorized representatives are not only not indifferent, but have moved at once, as New York or Massachusetts would have moved under similar circumstances. The crime is atrocious, and the local indifference, if true, is deplorable. But the signal and suggestive change in the general tone of Southern comment and conduct upon such events since the days of the Ku-Klux is undeniable.

THE MORAL OF THE STRIKE.

THE recent strike of the street railroads in New York ended, as usual, by the strikers asking to be restored to work. The loss in money to them as a body is calculated to have been $100,000, to the companies twice as much, and to the business of the city a very large amount. As usual, also, the strikers have been the chief sufferers, and as the suffering is largely due to ignorance and timidity, there is a very sincere sympathy for those who are the victims, not of baffled mischief, but of their own folly. Great numbers of wage laborers are bullied into yielding implicit obedience to executive committees and leaders. Of course they ought not to yield. But it is not surprising that individually they should yield rather than suffer the consequences, and that they should join the organizations rather than endure organized hostility. But the moral of recent strikes is so plain and so strongly pointed out by the press that it is reasonable to believe that gradually an impression will be made upon the members of the labor associations.

Public opinion is not, as they seem often to think, indifferent to their wrongs, but it is impatient of their servility to adventurers who trade upon misleading them into disturbing the public peace. A plain statement of grievances, and of the failure of the reasonable adjustment of them with employers, followed by a strike under circumstances where it could be made effective, and a vigilant protection of public order by the strikers themselves against the lawless elements of the population, which are sure to be excited by a strike, would command public attention and inquiry. But a belligerent attitude of the strikers, which is very common, and an evident reliance upon the terrorism of disorder and riot, instantly and most justly arouse the civilized instincts of the community against the whole movement. It is because a large strike has been permitted to become synonymous with riot that, when it begins, public feeling is generally hostile. During the recent trouble the attitude and conduct of the police were in the highest degree heroic and admirable. They bore themselves with equanimity, courage, and discretion in very critical circumstances, and the one fatal shot that was fired by them was completely justified by the dangerous situation, and the incident should open the eyes of strikers to their responsibilities. The death of the rioter who was shot was due directly to the strike. Whether he was a striker or only a rioter is of no importance. He was a leader of a mob and a riot which were the result of the strike, and those who obeyed the commands of leaders and committees who ordered them "out" are morally responsible for the catastrophe.

Railroad employés have an undoubted right to work upon terms acceptable to them, and any number of them may announce as a body what those terms are. But no man has a right to break his word, to recede from his engagements, or to coerce the equal rights of others. This is equally true of employers and employed. It is indeed the most familiar and elementary principle of the relations between the two, but it is evident that it needs to be constantly reiterated and emphasized. The tyranny which is revealed in the methods and management of many strikes and of many labor organizations is in kind and degree not less than that of corporations and combined employers. It is undoubtedly true that in a trial of endurance capital has greatly the advantage of labor, and that generally the employé seems to be the under dog. But this does not affect the fact that habitual incitement of public disorder as a remedy for actual or fancied grievances is an intolerable abuse in a civilized community, which at once arrays the intelligence and force of the community against it, and that force is sure to prevail unless the community is in decay. These are very simple truths, but they are signally illustrated by the latest strike, and they are worthy the careful consideration of all who are ordered out.

CONVICT LABOR.

THE New York Assembly Committee on Prisons has been hearing arguments and views upon the subject of convict labor, and upon no subject are simple and sensible views more needed. Our recent prison legislation has been determined, not by careful regard to the welfare of the prisons and the prisoners, but by a desire to propitiate what is called the labor vote. Whatever that vote may be, the interest of the wage earners in the prison question is that of all other reputable citizens. The true object of penal legislation is prevention of crime by the reformation of the convict, and by the deterrent consequences of punishment. The mere money expense of a penal system is imperfectly apprehended. In the city of New York alone the cost of the police and the courts is more than six millions of dollars a year, and the greater portion of this expense is for the detection and conviction of criminals. Besides this there are to be considered the value of the time of jurors, the payment of the criminals' counsel, and the provision and maintenance of prisons and reformatories. Thus to prevent crime is not only to confer a moral benefit upon the community, but greatly to lessen the burdens of taxation. These burdens are shared by every man who earns his own living, and it is plainly just that so far as practicable the convict should pay by his own labor for his support, and not increase, further than can be avoided, the taxation of honest citizens.

It is therefore simply just to the community that the convict should be employed in some productive labor: for two reasons, one to relieve the State of the expense of his support, and the other to teach him habits of industry, and impart the skill which will enable him upon leaving prison honestly to support himself. This is made practicable by the average age of convicts, of whom more than fifty per cent. in the State of New York in 1887 were under thirty years of age when convicted. Every criminal raised to the self-supporting class will save thousands of dollars to the State, and for the moral and physical condition which makes a convict capable of the desire of honest self-support employment is indispensable, and the employment should be of a kind which should reimburse the community for the expense which he imposes upon it. His labor, of course, competes with labor of the same kind outside of the prison. If he works upon the roads or makes shoes or clothing, whether for State institutions or for the general market, he competes with others who might do the same work. He might be put upon the tread-mill or to useless employment, but that would fail to secure either of the objects for which his employment is necessary. It would neither help pay the cost of his support nor train him to the wish or to the capacity of honest work. His idleness would burden and injure the community much more than the competition of his labor, and to reduce that competition as far as possible his labor should be so diversified as not materially to affect the price in the open market. The danger of this result is greatly exaggerated. The number of prisoners engaged in any branch of work would be always a very small percentage to the whole number of workers in it. In 1887 there was but one prisoner to every 1697 persons in the State.

The method of convict industry, whether contract, or piece price, or State account, is a matter to be considered carefully. There is a division of views upon the subject even among the most intelligent authorities. The Prison Inspectors of Minnesota have recently decided, after general inquiry in different States, that a return to the contract system would be wise. But the contract system requires very stringent regulation or it will inevitably defeat one of the chief

objects of convict employment—the moral improvement of the convict. The system as formerly practised in this State was severely condemned by the most unselfish and able experts. But whatever method may be adopted can be guarded properly. The important point is to consider the public welfare and the advantage of the prisoner, both of which demand productive labor, and this being settled, to arrange the best conditions. This is something which certainly will not be accomplished properly by politicians mainly intent upon promoting their own interests by conciliating a particular vote.

PUBLIC PAYMENT FOR PRIVATE SERVICE.

A RECENT newspaper letter from Albany remarked that Governor HILL finds himself much bothered by the fact that many State officers whom he appointed in compliment to Governor CLEVELAND do not resign to allow him to pay certain political debts incurred in the late campaign. This is a droll view of public office and of Executive responsibility. It assumes that the constitutional power of appointment is a personal perquisite of the Governor, which he may exercise to pay his personal debts. If a man has run the Governor's errands during the campaign and worked hard for his election, the Governor, when elected, may pay for the personal service out of the public treasury, and assign the man to a public duty, not because he is fit for it, but because he has been useful to the Governor.

This is called the spoils system because it turns a public trust into a private reward. It is upon this theory of paying private debts by the exercise of the appointing power that the writer of the MURCHISON letter—one of the meanest and most dastardly tricks ever played in the interest of a political candidate—is urged upon the President-elect as a suitable person to be rewarded with a public office. It is upon the same theory that raising large sums of money for campaign expenses is held to create the strongest claim to a place.

All this is merely buying and selling the public service under the plea of satisfying private obligations. It is a most insidious and fatal form of corruption, which is now by common consent one of the most menacing of perils. Civil service reform is an active protest against every form of the evil, and it offers a remedy which will tend largely to baffle it. There is nothing more absurd than the assertion that this business of paying personal debts with public trusts is peculiarly American. Nothing is so American as equal rights and fair play, and nothing is more radically and completely un-American than the notion that a public trust may be conferred by a public agent as a reward for his private service.

THE CITY CIVIL SERVICE.

THE request of Mayor GRANT for the resignation of the Supervisory Board of the Municipal Civil Service shows, of course, a misconception of the nature and function of such a board. It is in no sense a partisan or political body, nor does it sustain any personal relation to the Mayor. It is a committee which supervises the examinations for appointment in the municipal service, and one of its chief functions is to prevent any kind of personal or political or partisan interference with such appointments, which under the law are to be made upon merit ascertained by legal methods. It is consequently a board whose tenure should not depend upon the term of the Mayor, as if it were in some sense an official agency of his. It serves without compensation, recommends to the Mayor such changes in the rules as seem desirable, and it submits to him eligible lists. But a certain stability in the board is essential to secure the most efficient service.

The late board was appointed, we believe, by Mayor EDSON. It was composed of gentlemen especially interested in the reformed system, which they have thoroughly and effectively organized in the municipal service. Whoever their successors may be, they cannot surpass the retiring members in the qualifications which are indispensable for the proper discharge of the duties of the office.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S PLANS.

THE proposed return of President CLEVELAND to the practice of his profession in New York will be an event of especial significance as answering the question to which Governor HILL proposed a very different answer in his late message, What shall an ex-President do? The question has been constantly answered by the conduct of the citizens who have retired from the great office of the Presidency. But the public feeling that some peculiar provision should be made for them has not been wholly satisfied. Governor HILL's proposition to make them Life Senators was grotesque, and the obvious objections were conclusive.

Usually the American President at the close of his term has become a sage. Like Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE at Sheen, he has been supposed to be peacefully cultivating cabbages upon his country estate, and watching with tranquil wisdom the great procession of public events. When he has been a conspicuous leader of his party he has been consulted as an oracle, and his counsel has been often timely and wise. JOHN QUINCY ADAMS was the only ex-President who returned to a prominent and historic part in public life. ANDREW JOHNSON's return to the Senate was unimportant, and MARTIN VAN BUREN's nomination as the Free-Soil candidate for the Presidency lost all its lustre from his subsequent course.

Every American may well rejoice that the first century of constitutional government ends without record of a President whose private character could be justly assailed. There have been very different degrees of ability, of education, and of refinement in the tenants of the White House, but their personal character has been pure. Mr. MCCULLOCH, in his delightful and valuable autobiography, dissipates the unpleasant stories of ANDREW JOHNSON's habits, which were apparently, but as Mr. MCCULLOCH says incorrectly, justified by the occasional intemperance of his public speech. President CLEVELAND has added to the annals of the Executive Mansion a distinctive and admirable personality, which will be honorably remembered, and his return to the active practice of his profession, although the natural and obvious course of an American citizen who has been called for a season to fill any great office, will be a spectacle as edifying as the retirement of JOHN ADAMS to Quincy, or of THOMAS JEFFERSON to Monticello.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

THE power of one member of the House of Representatives to arrest the course of the public business, and under the curious complications of the rules to defeat the passage of measures which are known to be approved by a majority of the House, has been illustrated by the action of Mr. WEAVER and of Mr. PAYSON during the present session. This obstruction is a very serious evil, and it is one to which the House ought not to submit. Mr. PAYSON's course taken to defeat one bill has imperilled the passage of another—the international copyright bill—which has been already passed by the Senate after a very full debate, and no measure of the kind has ever been more thoroughly discussed by the press.

There is seldom a measure involving many apparently conflicting interests upon which all those interests are agreed as upon this bill. It is the result of great consideration and comparison of views, of generous concession, and of sterling good sense. It is not perhaps altogether what any one of those most interested would have preferred, but it is what was practicable amid conflicting views. It is the first time that the movement for an international copyright has enlisted the combined support of all interests, and it may be truly said that the only opponents of this moderate and reasonable measure are those who wish to prey upon authors undisturbed. The allegation that it would make dear reading and impose a tax upon education is ludicrous as a plea from those who are pleading that their appropriations of books shall be allowed to continue, and it has been shown to be unfounded.

The letter upon the subject signed "An English Author" which was printed lately in the London *Times* contains one remark which is very suggestive. The argument of the letter is that "America is the great market for books, and as cheap books are inevitable, all the great English publishers will transfer their business to New York, the American literary journals will gain greater weight than the English and take precedence of them," and lastly, "books will be written to suit the American rather than the English taste." But if a national taste and mental views and habits are largely influenced by the distinctive national character of the literature of the people, the argument gains great force that the present want of an international copyright, by paralyzing American literary production and supplying the demand with English works, tends to mould the American mind by English influences. There can easily be much extravagance in the statement of such a view, but it has a certain truth, and it has evidently suggested itself to "An English Author." The friendly disposition of Congress is now so well assured that any fatal obstruction to the passage of the bill would be a great misfortune.

"THE THUNDERER" ON THE VOTING OF WOMEN.

LORD SALISBURY's recent declaration in favor of the suffrage of women brought an answer from GOLDWIN SMITH to the London *Times*, which produced a rejoinder from Mrs. FAWCETT, to which the *Times* editorially replied. Mr. GOLDWIN SMITH's postulate as incapacitating women, apart from other considerations, is that "law rests at bottom upon force, and force is rule." This proposition Mrs. FAWCETT does not dispute, and the *Times* accepts. The *Times's* argument is that the question is wholly one of expediency, that the emotional element in male suffrage is already dangerously large, and the admission of women to the suffrage would enormously increase it, without any counterpoise.

Mrs. FAWCETT answers the argument that every Irish woman would vote by saying that there would be the same qualification for women as for men, and the addition of Irish women would be only twelve per cent. of the present electorate. The *Times* replies that the tendency is to simple manhood suffrage, and that would mean equally the voting of all women. Mrs. FAWCETT points to the voting of women at municipal elections. The *Times* retorts that municipal management and the power over imperial policy are absolutely different, and that to cite, as even such a woman as Mrs. FAWCETT does, the voting in the Isle of Man as if it offered the least analogy to power over the British Empire, is to show a woman's want of practical grasp of facts, which would be shown in much more mischievous forms if women should be enfranchised. There is, however, nothing in the *Times's* reasoning that would not be equally pertinent to any enlargement of the suffrage. It admits at the outset that the feminine element already votes in the persons of great numbers of men, and its tacit assumption that all women would be as inept and emotional as weak men cannot be maintained, and with that its argument falls.

It is interesting that at the moment when the Prime-Minister and the Thunderer and its eminent correspondents of both sexes are discussing the question, a little pamphlet is put forth by Mr. HAMILTON WILLCOX, one of the most devoted advocates of the cause in this country, to show that in 109 states, territories, and provinces in every part of the world women vote under certain conditions, and thus, as he contends, the theory that womanhood is a proper bar to the privilege of suffrage is rejected by communities whose extent, as he sets forth in detail, is over 15,000,000 of square miles, and whose population is nearly 300,000,000. This is a very ingenious and impressive way of putting it. But the fact of the voting of women in Amoor, in Croatia, in Styria, Tomsk, and West Russia, while it certainly shows that to a certain form of suffrage their sex is no bar, hardly shows anything in favor of the practical value to good government of their vote. This, however, was not Mr. WILLCOX's purpose in his pamphlet, which is a monument of patient research.

PERSONAL.

REV. DR. ROBERT COLLYER has given to Cornell University the bell which was in use when, as a boy, he worked in a factory at Fewston, Yorkshire. It was sent to him by a friend in the Leeds Town Council. In the letter of presentation he says, "It was the factory bell which rang me out of bed between 1831 and 1838, and set me to work at 6 o'clock in the morning, and then rang me out at 8 P.M., allowing us an hour at noon to breathe and get our dinner, and that was all." Dr. COLLYER vouches for it as having "the most infernal clang in all the world to me," and says he has no choice as to its special use.

—A year ago Mrs. M. E. DOW, of Dover, New Hampshire, bought up enough of the stock of the local horse-railroad company to have herself elected president and save the property from a Boston syndicate, which was fishing for it. The road was in debt, and paid only five per cent., while neither stockholders nor patrons were satisfied with its condition. Within the year Mrs. Dow has improved the facilities of the road greatly, paid off part of the debt, laid aside a snug surplus, and declared an eleven per cent. dividend. While a girl Mrs. Dow helped her father to manage his farm, and circumstances, aided by natural ability, have since made her a good business woman. She is also a skilled housewife and a judicious mother, an accomplished lady, a good shot with a gun and pistol, a fine swimmer, and the possessor of property worth $200,000. Her present husband is her second.

—Mrs. AMY KIRBY POST, a pioneer among woman suffragists and antislavery agitators and a well-known philanthropist, died recently at Rochester, aged eighty-seven years. She was a famous conductor on the underground railroad, and is said to have had thirteen runaway slaves concealed in her cellar at one time. Mrs. POST interested herself in the Indians and in all movements for the improvement of their condition. Late in life she became a strong believer in spiritualism.

—Major BIGGS, recently elected to Congress from the second California district, was a 'forty-niner and a sheriff in stirring frontier times when desperadoes were given short shrift. He paid the California Secretary of State $5 for having his election certified to, and started for Washington, but when his certificate arrived, and he was asked to pay $6 more for express and other charges, he declined to receive the paper. He says: "This business of being a Congressman is not worth paying $11 for. I thought it was dear when I put up the $5, and I'll stay out of the next Congress before I'll put up the other $6."

—A royal Egyptian mummy landed at Marseilles, France, the other day was taxed the usual duty on dried fish, no scale for preserved Pharaohs being known to the customs officials.

—The old ladies of Nantucket are exceedingly spry, if one may believe the report that at a recent evening gathering on the island one of them, aged ninety-two, played the piano accompaniment, while another, aged eighty-five, danced.

—HENRY O. TIFT, who died the other day at Newport, Rhode Island, was called the oldest employé of the customs service. He was appointed over sixty-three years ago.

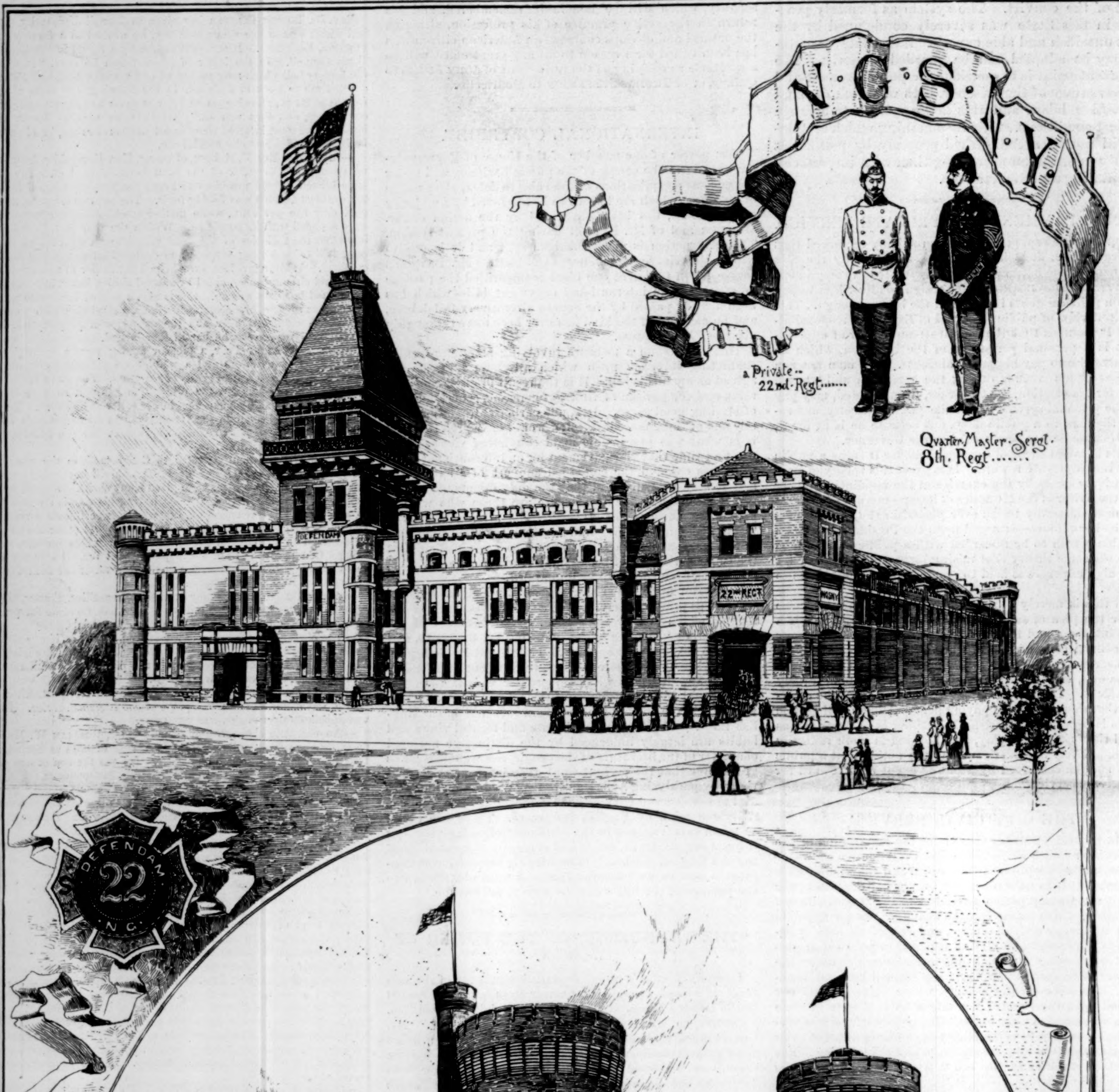
—An eccentric bachelor and school-master, WILLIAM W. MERRIAM, dropped dead while addressing a class of boys at Springs, near Riverhead, Long Island, recently. He was the son of one of the original firm of publishers of Webster's Dictionary at Springfield, Massachusetts, and a graduate of Williams College. His estate of about $85,000 was willed to the United States government, but Mr. MERRIAM had expressed the intention of changing the bequest if Mr. BLAINE was not made Secretary of State.

—The late EUGENE IRVING WETHERELL, the husband of EMMA ABBOTT, first saw the singer when, as the travelling salesman of a drug firm, he was forced to spend a night in a country town, and went to the school-house to hear a musical entertainment. The principal performer was Miss ABBOTT, who was working her way to New York to obtain a musical education. She sold her magnificent head of hair to meet first expenses, and then with her father, the keeper of a small music store at Peoria, Illinois, started for the metropolis, giving concerts on the way wherever opportunity offered. Mr. WETHERELL afterward met Miss ABBOTT when she was singing in Rev. Dr. CHAPIN's church in this city, and so interested some rich men in her that they sent her to Europe, where she afterward became the protégée of the Baroness ROTHSCHILD. The couple were married in London fifteen years ago, and when Miss ABBOTT returned to this country WETHERELL became her business manager. He was most honorable in all his transactions, and met with great financial success. He left a fortune estimated at over $1,000,000.

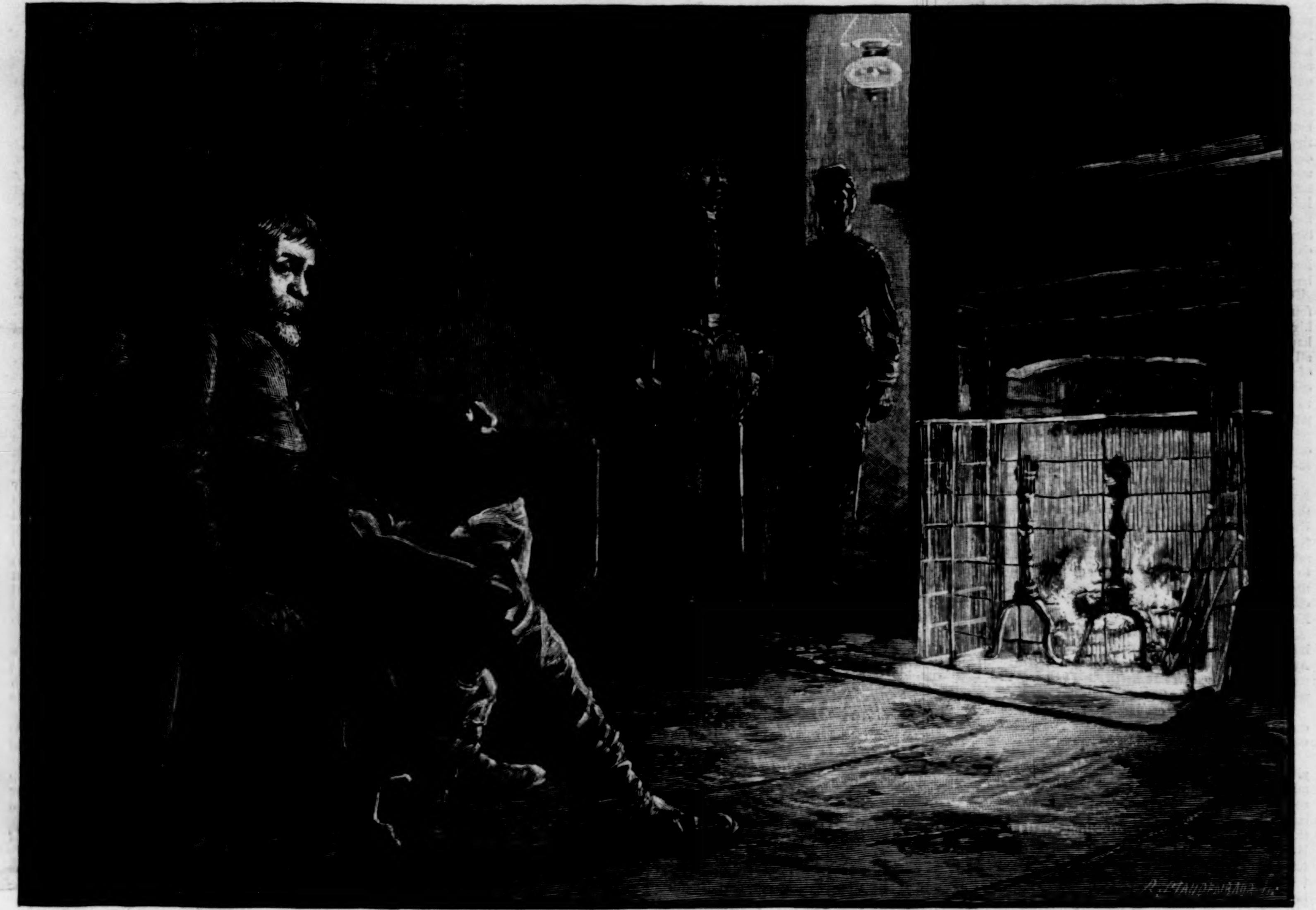
—Professor S. A. MAXWELL, of Rock Falls, Illinois, was probably the first to publish in a popular way the discovery that tornadoes form on the south side of a storm centre. In an article published in May, 1881, he emphasized the like conclusion reached before by Lieutenant FINLEY in the reports of the Chief Signal Officer. The formation of most tornadoes in the southeast quadrant of a storm area was first mentioned by Lieutenant FINLEY in January, 1881, but owing to a misprint it did not appear correctly until July of that year. Professor MAXWELL is entitled to honorable mention for having placed before the public at an early date the first step in this great discovery, by means of which loss of life will in time be lessened, owing to correct tornado prediction.

—Rev. Father AUGUSTUS TOLTON, pastor of St. Joseph's Church in Quincy, Illinois, is the only colored Catholic priest in the United States. He is thirty-three years old, and was born a slave on STEPHEN ELLIOTT's plantation, in Ralls County, Missouri. At the beginning of the war his parents escaped with their three children to Hannibal, and after varied and exciting experiences reached Quincy. The death of his father forced young TOLTON to begin early to earn his own living, which he did by working at different times in a tobacco factory, a collar-making establishment, and a spruce-beer bottling place. All his spare moments were spent in obtaining an education, the Franciscan monks at Quincy assisting him materially, and his preparation for the priesthood was completed by several years of study at Rome.

—One of the most celebrated oaks in the State noted for its historic trees has fallen a victim to the vandal's axe at Woodbridge, Connecticut. The Quinnepiac oak, as it was known, was considered by Professor DANIEL C. EATON, the Yale College botanist, to be the oldest tree on the Atlantic coast. He placed its age at from fifteen hundred to two thousand years, while OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES and Professor ABBOTT, of New York, respectively pronounced it eighteen hundred and two thousand years old. The circumference of the tree was over twenty-seven feet, and the diameter of the space covered by its branches ninety-three feet. It stood on the hills of Woodbridge, and could be seen for miles around. From its branches the regicides GOFFE, WHALLEY, and DIXWELL kept a lookout upon their pursuers, a twig from it made the whip with which HUMPHREY NORTON was punished for harboring a Quaker, General LAFAYETTE and other officers of WASHINGTON's army once rested under its spreading shade while on the march, and a visit to the tree by WOODWORTH is said to have inspired the poem "The Old Oaken Bucket." Twice within the last half-century the oak was ransomed from destruction by the payment of money to its owners, and in 1882 ex-Governor ENGLISH offered $200 for the tree and the land on which it stood, intending to enclose it with an iron fence, but $400 was demanded, and the matter was dropped. The wood of the oak has now been purchased by prominent men, and will be preserved in the shape of chairs and other useful articles.



THE NEW ARMORIES FOR THE EIGHTH AND TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENTS, NEW YORK CITY.—DRAWN BY HUGHSON HAWLEY.—[SEE PAGE 127.]



"WHEN THE ADJUTANT RETURNED AT THE APPOINTED TIME HE FOUND THE VIRGINIAN SEATED AT A LITTLE WOODEN TABLE."

BETWEEN THE LINES.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, U.S.A.,

AUTHOR OF "A WAR-TIME WOOING."

XXII.

DESPITE the vigor of his actions as temporary commander of the district, "old Van Duzen" was a sorely perturbed official. Some one had succeeded in arousing in his mind grave distrust as to the security of his position. Mosby, it is true, had scampered away to the Shenandoah, and was frequently heard of at various points along that beautiful valley. Graham, with three regiments, had given chase, and was now separated by many a long mile from the inexperienced soldier whose years had pointed him out as a good man to leave behind when rapid marching was expected of the column, and whose prominence in politics gave him, supposably, some qualifications as a manager of local affairs. It was by no means a turbulent neighborhood. All the people who had elsewhere to go had long since left so dangerous a field as that which lay subject to incessant incursions from troopers of the opposing forces. Most of the little towns were wellnigh depopulated. Few of the farms had other tenants than the birds of the air. But what made the region full of wordless terrors to the old politician-colonel was the close proximity of the fords and bridges of the upper Rappahannock—only a long day's march away. Beyond them his scouts dare not venture, and who could say what that restless rider, Stuart, might not be doing on the southern shore? Night and day Van Duzen's dream was of a sudden rush past his outposts, and a furious descent upon his scantily garrisoned camp. He had pickets and outposts covering every road for miles to the south and east. He sent couriers every day to follow the Shenandoah column, and he besieged the War Department with despatches urging that he be strongly re-enforced. The country, he said, was full of spies. He had every reason to expect a dash of rebel cavalry any hour of the day or night. He was ready to fight to the last man, so he declared in ringing reports to an admiring constituency at home, but he urged his friends to urge their representatives at Washington to insist on his being instantly and greatly strengthened. By this time, as was well known at the War Department, Stuart was kept very busy along the lower Rappahannock watching the movements of Hooker's dragoons; but Van Duzen was one of those men who could hardly believe that the cause of the rebellion cherished one higher ambition than to capture and carry off to Richmond no less a personage than himself, and he would sooner be shot, he said, than fall into the hands of the Confederacy. Yet he enjoyed, after a way of his own, the prominence of his position. In the absence of news from other sources, the representatives of the press had no trouble in getting whole columns of sensation from his oracular lips. "Special correspondents" were easily obtainable among his henchmen, and the vehement and vigorous efforts of the gallant Colonel Van Duzen in the suppression of the rebellion were daily thrilling thousands and thousands of readers with reviving hope, and people were already wondering how long an ungrateful Administration would delay his promotion to a generalship; and Major Kearny had just marched across the Long Bridge with his new regiment when he was startled, and many a reader electrified, by the tidings that Colonel Van Duzen had captured within his lines, disguised as a Union scout and amply provided with authentic orders, credentials, etc., an officer holding confidential relations with General "Jeb" Stuart—"a distinguished scion of the F. F. V.'s"—Major Henry Armistead, of the Confederate Cavalry; and that it was probable that the fate of the spy, death by hanging, would be the penalty of his rashness before the setting of another sun. He had safely penetrated the lines, said this glowing account; had obtained most important information as to our forces, their numbers and position; and was just about returning when arrested by the vigilance and unerring judgment of Colonel Van Duzen. At first he stoutly maintained that he was what his papers represented him—a scout and Secret Service employé, but he was recognized at once by several "intelligent contrabands" who had known him for years, and when arrested was in the act of bidding farewell to his venerable father at his home near Hopewell Gap. The case against him was clear, and it was absolutely necessary, said the scribe, that a stern example be promptly made. Ample authority had already been given Colonel Van Duzen in the premises, and there could be no question that so fervent a patriot and sterling a soldier would do his full duty.

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And so it happened that Kearny, miles away, and Westerlo, close at hand, were spurring that night to reach the scene before the fatal order could be carried into effect. Westerlo was on the spot and in presence of the district commander as the cavalry trumpets were sounding tattoo. Kearny was clattering through the streets of a wellnigh deserted village with an all-night ride before him. Few words were needed to gain the desired permission. His new colonel was an old soldier of the *ante bellum* days, who knew the story of his young major's rescue and preservation by that very family, who already half suspected that his heart was left behind him in the shadows of the Bull Run range, who had noted the eagerness with which he rode forth upon the well-remembered highway beyond Fort Runyon when they reached the "sacred soil" that morning, and who knew his suspicions were well grounded when at nightfall Kearny came to him, paper in hand, trembling at the lips with anxiety and emotion, to proffer his request to be allowed to push ahead without delay.

Meanwhile old Westerlo had lost no time. Briefly reporting to his superior the result of his observations during the day, he asked the honor of a private interview, and Van Duzen, hardly knowing what to make of the matter, acceded. He stood a little in awe of the educated soldier whom the fortunes of a war replete with oddest fortunes had thrown under his command.

"I hear from several sources as I return to camp," began Westerlo, the moment they were alone, "a strange story. Is it true, colonel, that our prisoner is recognized as Captain Armistead, the son of the poor old gentleman at Hopewell?"

"It is true, sir, beyond a doubt. His identity was discovered to us just after you left by a faithful colored man, and corroborated by several others. It is a most important arrest—a most important arrest. I telegraphed the news at once to Washington—at least, my adjutant assures me it went at once, and the line is fortunately up. They make no reply. It is evident they have full confidence in my ability and intention to carry out the custom of war in like cases."

"And, pardon me, you will wait no instructions?"

"I need none, sir," was the stately reply. "I know my duty—painful though it be. So flagrant a case, after all we have published as to our intentions, cannot be overlooked. Why, sir, it was sheer bravado—Southern braggadocio—that prompted that young coxcomb to dare me in this way. I have not a doubt, sir, he has seen my proclamation to the people of this district, and he and his fellow-rebels put up the scheme to make me a laughing-stock—a laughing-stock. He dared to ride clear through my lines, sir, and doubtless vaunted himself on the exploit, and now was going back, laughing in his sleeve at me, to bring Stuart and his whole force at his heels to drag us off to Libby. But I beat him at his own game, sir, and we'll see how he'll laugh to-morrow."

"You will hang him then, I judge?" said Westerlo, quietly.

"What else? What said our immortal Washington of André—'He was hanged as a spy'—did he not?"

"Words to that effect, colonel, as I remember; yet, was there not something else? 'He was tried as a spy.' Have you tried Captain Armistead?"

"*Cui bono*, Colonel Westerlo, *cui bono?* Why attempt to prove a self-evident proposition? What could be clearer than his case?"

"Colonel Van Duzen, I am too old a soldier to argue with my senior; I am too respectful to you, personally and officially, to venture a word of advice without your full consent and by your invitation. I have asked a private interview that no man might know I ventured to ask you, my commander, to consider one little point. Sir, while I have been a soldier from boyhood, humble and accustomed to obey, yours has been the proud gift to be a ruler of men, a swayer of the public mind. Yours is a name with which our State resounds; mine is known but as your loyal subordinate. I would not for one moment question your judgment in this most important matter. It is to present to you a phase of the question you cannot yet have heard that I am here—to ask it of you, not as a right, but as a favor."

Van Duzen was disarmed. The subtle tribute to his greatness was more than the statesman of the Susquehanna could withstand.

"Proceed, Colonel Westerlo," he answered, with becoming dignity, yet with softened manner. "I shall be glad of the counsel of so eminent a soldier."

"They tell me, colonel, he is to hang at sunrise. I question not that you are satisfied your authority is ample, and that the Government will interpose no orders or delays. I look upon you, indeed, as having final jurisdiction in the matter, and realize that the fate of this unhappy youth is solely in your hands. It is to you, therefore, I bring these papers, confided to me as a sacred charge, and ask your consideration of one point. He is here, this young rebel, in disguise and with false papers. This brings him within the penalties of your proclamation; and yet, if I prove to you he came not as a spy, but solely to pay a last visit, as he supposed, to a dying father, will it not induce you to defer his execution until another day, that he may see once more the dear ones of his home?"

"And meantime have Jeb Stuart rushing in and whisking the whole crowd of us off to Libby? Thank you, Colonel Westerlo; but delays are dangerous. I tell you, sir, this war has been conducted too long on the kid glove principle. The nation—the people—demand of us that we now take the bull of the rebellion by the horns and crush the viper to earth." (Van Duzen's metaphors, with his toddies, became mixed in equal proportions, and Westerlo looked anxiously around him, sure of seeing somewhere the demijohn of Monongahela which was an invariable accompaniment of his senior's campaigning.) "I conceive it to be my bounden duty to make an immediate and telling example of this case, and I have so decided."

"One moment more. Bear with me, my colonel," said the old trooper. "Last year a young officer of high connections and distinguished family was shot and captured while carrying despatches. Ah! You know the story. I will not weary your patience, sir. It was the father and the sister of this gentleman now your prisoner who braved the wrath of all Virginia, who sacrificed their social standing, who lost every friend they ever had in this community, to save that suffering comrade from a fate you declare to be worse than death. You know the circumstances,

but you cannot know, as I do, the sorrows and the sufferings of these noble but most unfortunate people. Sir, the revered old Judge who so humanely gave Lieutenant Kearny the shelter of his name and fireside now lies at the door of death, heart-broken at the calamity that has befallen his only son. The fair, lovely daughter whose tender care nursed our Union soldier back to life and strength, whose quick woman's wit found him a hiding-place when the rebel authorities searched the premises for him, the only sister of this condemned Virginian, is at her father's bedside, sustained from despair and utter prostration only by his imminent need of her care. When you hang Henry Armistead, you kill one, perhaps both, of those loving souls at his home across the range. Sir, I implore you, grant us respite for one brief day. I say us, for I have learned to know and honor these people. I say us because their grief has become mine."

Van Duzen was silent. He would gladly have found a good way out of the mire in which his high-flown proclamations and portentous threats had plunged him. On the other hand, would not all the morning papers of his native State and of the waiting North be filled with details of the energetic measures taken by Colonel Van Duzen to crush the rebellion at its very core? of his pursuit and capture of this dangerous and desperate man? of his stern but soldierly course? of the last night of the condemned man on earth? It would never do to weaken now. Never!

"I appreciate your feeling, Colonel Westerlo. I would gladly show these people how we value the services they rendered to a loyal son of the Union, but they cannot ask of us the life of a spy for the life of a soldier. Depend upon it, this misguided young man would be among the first to condemn their action and upbraid them for their disloyalty to their State. It would be very different had we been indebted to him for Major Kearny's life."

"You admit, do I understand, that it would induce you to suspend sentence if it were young Armistead to whom we owed Kearny's life?" tremblingly asked Westerlo, though striving to veil his deep anxiety.

"Well—ah—at an earlier stage of the proceedings it would have had great weight—great weight. Things have gone so far, however—"

"Colonel Van Duzen, forgive my haste. Forgive me that I interrupt, but listen: Henry Armistead and Frank Kearny were intimate and devoted friends in their college days. A romantic incident separated and made a coldness between them. It was the fortune of war that threw the latter, wounded, senseless, and bleeding, into the hands of the former. It was Armistead who tenderly cared for his captive for two days and nights until he found means to send him to his father's house. It was he who exacted of his people that they should conceal him, nurse him, restore him to life and liberty, and the service of the Union again if need be, that his promise might be kept unsullied. Here is the letter he wrote. Listen:

"'In the Field, near Gainesville.
"'*August* 30, 1862.

"'Father,—The strangest fortune that ever fell to soldier's lot is mine to-night. You know the old intimacy and friendship that existed between Frank Kearny and me at Princeton. We were like brothers until our senior year, when there came between us a cloud—a woman. I loved her—and the quarrel was my fault. In the winter of '60–'61 he came to Richmond and we met as friends, but there were subjects, this among them, on which we could not speak. In the spring that followed, after Sumter's guns, I hastened hither from New York, where I had gone to see *her*. She told me gently that my hopes were all in vain—that her heart was his—that he had already volunteered for the war. There is no need to tell you what this meant to me. Before we parted she had won from me this promise—God knows I gave it solemnly, and, pitying her fears and sorrow, with my heart in my words—that if ever he fell into my hands, and it lay in my power to save him, save him I would.

"'Thursday night, late, I had ventured with a small detachment to strike the road between the Federal cavalry and the lines at Haymarket, hoping to pick up staff-officers or stragglers. Luck was with us. An officer strove to cut his way through, and in the excitement and darkness my men almost killed before they could capture him. Then by the faint light of a camp fire in the woods I examined my unconscious prize, and found myself face to face with—my promise.

"'Bleeding, senseless, stunned, and bruised, he has lain here hidden for two days, nursed by the negroes who bear him to you and tended by a surgeon whom I brought to him. I had to leave him all day to take my part in the glorious victory we have won. The Yankees are in full retreat upon Washington. We go at dawn with Jackson to strike their flank. Honor calls me with my troop—my word of honor is given here. In your hands and in Lucy's I place my captive and my faith. As you love me, as you would preserve my honor unsullied, receive this helpless enemy of our cause beneath your roof. Conceal him from those who would take him to imprisonment, in which he would languish and die. When occasion offers, restore him to his friends, and when all is over—the war or my life—send this to her that the woman I loved may know how an Armistead kept his word—even though it was to give her to another's arms.

"'Lucy—You know her name. Do not speak it to a soul until this letter is to be sent to her. Dear ones both God bless and guard you, and sustain me in the cause we love!

"'Yours ever,
"'Henry Armistead.'"

There was a moment of silence in the room of the old Virginia house in which the colonel was making his head-quarters. Then Westerlo spoke again.

"Colonel Van Duzen, would you hang as a spy a man like that—when he hasn't been spying at all?"

XXIII.

There were some sorely disappointed men among the "camp-followers" around district headquarters during the next few days. Full and graphic details of the hanging of one of the most distinguished sons of a most distinguished Virginia family having been prepared in advance, several correspondents having spent the night in writing touching descriptions of the manner in which the rebel spy refused all friendly offices (he had simply declined to be interviewed), and one energetic gentleman having pre-empted" the telegraph wire at no inconsiderable expense, it was hard luck that they should be greeted upon the rising of the sun with such cheerless tidings as that the condemned man had been accorded a respite. The soldiers broke ranks after reveille roll-call, and scattered about their fires and coffee-kettles with unfeigned alacrity and cheerfulness. They were all "ready and willing to blaze away and kill Armisteads by the dozen in fair stand-up fight, or sabre them in a cavalry charge, where every man had a show for his life," said one old troop commander; "but this here hanging a fellow in sight of his friends and neighbors is too one-sided a business for most of us, and d—n me if I wouldn't rather see the whole thing stopped."

Around the house in which Armistead had spent the night a dozen soldiers armed with loaded carbines paced restlessly to and fro. A dim light burned in the room where he sat writing his last messages. At dusk the adjutant had waited upon him, and with a voice that shook despite his efforts to control it, announced to him that under authority of the President of the United States, and by order of the district commander, he would be hanged as a spy at daybreak. The idea of being executed without trial other than a mere search and a verbal examination—on his own admission, too, that he was Henry Armistead—had not occurred to him as possible. He turned very pale, but stood and looked calmly in the officer's eyes.

"Do you mean that this is true? Do you mean that I, who am in no sense a spy, am to be executed as such without the form of a trial and in such indecent haste?"

"Such are the orders, sir. I have no alternative but to tell you so, and to ask how I can serve you meantime."

Armistead was silent a moment, then, to the surprise of his much-embarrassed visitor, replied:

"By leaving me alone to think over this for half an hour. Then, if you will call, I will thank you."

And the adjutant bowed and withdrew, giving orders to the sentry at the door to keep his eyes on the prisoner, and permit him to make no attempt on his life.

When the adjutant returned at the appointed time he found the Virginian seated at a little wooden table. He raised his head.

"I presume you will permit me to see one friend?"

"It is the intention of the colonel to send at once for your relatives at Hopewell. He has just succeeded in getting an ambulance up from Thoro'fare."

"Spare them that, and all knowledge of this—murder—until it is done. My father lies in an illness that may be fatal. My sister cannot leave him. The man I ask to see is our old family physician, Dr. Loring. He lives not far from here."

"I regret that Dr. Loring has been sent to Washington. We cannot reach him."

"Then let me have writing materials and freedom from interruption of any kind. It is all I ask of you."

And it was all he would accept. Two officers besought him to let them be of service. He returned their cards with courteous but positive refusal. Others sent steaming coffee and a hot supper. He would not touch it. The correspondents vainly pleaded for an interview, and his patience being exhausted, Armistead begged the officer of the guard to secure him against further annoyance. He was still writing when, near midnight, the adjutant entered, followed by an elderly officer with iron-gray hair and the appearance of a man who had been for hours in the saddle over muddy roads.

"Captain Armistead, I come to you far more gladly than I did at retreat. I am ordered to say to you that Colonel Van Duzen has been pleased to grant a respite of two days in your case, and I present to you Lieutenant-Colonel Westerlo, who will explain."

They were closeted together, talking in low tones, after the first few formal words, for over an hour, and parted with fervent shake of the hand. Then the old dragoon went to his tent. It was after one when his head rested at last upon his soldier pillow, but his face wore a smile of hope and content. "A good night's work, you old schemer," he muttered, addressing himself—"a very good night's work. All I need is two days, and I'll have this fine fellow out of danger of your halters, Colonel District Commander Van Duzen. Good-night to you, and blissful dreams, and may you soon be in Congress, where you want to be, or heaven, where you deserve to be, or anywhere out of the army, where you've no business to be."

The sun was high over the Bull Run range, and pouring in at the open flap of his tent, and his small darky servitor had slaved for hours removing the mud from his garments and equipments, and polishing his huge top-boots and spurs, and still he slept. Not until the trumpets pealed for guard-mounting did he start from his pillow, and found on the camp-stool by his bedside a card.

"'Frank Kearny, Major —— New Jersey.' The very man, by Jupiter! Here, Guyascutus, my Ethiop; where are you? Where is this gentleman?"

"Just done come," was the effect of the darky's reply. "He's gone to speak wid de officer of de gyard, cunnel."

"Seek him, and bid him breakfast with me, and see to it that breakfast is ready quick. Go!" exclaimed the veteran, as he hastily garbed himself. He was the picture of soldierly trimness and precision when, in half an hour, he emerged from his tent and hastened in search of his visitor. Kearny, on the other hand, haggard, wearied, splashed with mud from his all-night ride, looked ill by contrast.

"Something told me you would be here without delay, Major Kearny," said Westerlo, grasping his hand. "Come to my tent at once. We will have breakfast there, and be uninterrupted. Where heard you first the news of this affair?"

"At our camp a few miles this side of Alexandria, late yesterday afternoon. I left at dark, the moment I could get away."

"So? Then you have had a long, long gallop. You are worn out, but have heard the good news."

"I have, and how much is due to you and your efforts. Colonel Van Duzen told me on my arrival. I hardly dared hope. Colonel, I pray God that no inkling of his possible fate has reached the family at Hopewell."

"Bad news travels fast, but I send the surgeon over there this morning, and he will reassure them if any other story reached them. Still, they are in grievous anxiety. My God! think of that poor girl—father, brother, lover, all going or gone at one fell swoop!"

Kearny's face looked more haggard and worn than ever as he sank into the camp-chair set for him by his host. He made no answer.

"And a noble fellow is this Armistead," continued Westerlo, "a friend worth having. I like him better than the lover."

"You knew him?" asked Kearny, with averted face.

"I saw his capture; a poor fight he made of it. One looked for something better in a man who won the love of such a girl. Ah, Kearny, she is a heroine, and he—this Falconer—who *can* account for women's tastes? Yet he is handsome, winning I doubt not; but a soldier—bah!"

Breakfast seemed to have few attractions for Kearny, and Westerlo, wondering at the sombre mood and spiritless bearing of his new friend, attributed it mainly to excessive fatigue. He hospitably pressed him to eat, and finding that he had no appetite, and could do but faint justice to the steaming soldier fare so lavishly set before him, he urged him to remove his boots and mud-stained garments and sleep a few hours. But Kearny was restless, and eager to see Armistead—a favor promised him by the colonel commanding in course of the morning. He had other questions to ask. He longed to hear of Lucy, and he plied Westerlo with inquiries as to the condition in which he left the Judge and her. He astonished the old dragoon by grasping and squeezing his hand when he spoke of the provisions he had forced upon their acceptance. He more than surprised him by the consternation and dismay with which he received back the package of money which up to that moment Kearny fondly hoped was keeping the wolf from the homestead door. It began to dawn on Westerlo that here was a new complication, and Kearny's next inquiry strengthened the conviction.

"Colonel Van Duzen told me of Armistead's letter. He was on honor, he said, not to reveal its contents, but that you had it. I know that originally I owed my life and safety to his letter, though they showed me far more than it ever called for of devoted attention and watchful care. What I never could understand was why he should have demanded such a sacrifice of them—the loss of all local friends if they stood discovered. Colonel, I want to see that letter. You have it, have you not?"

"I have, but it was confided to me with the condition that no one be allowed to see it except to save his life. It has served its purpose and shall be restored to her. I will send it by our doctor to-day. When will he be here, boy?" he asked.

"De doctor done gone, suh. Went las' night to de odder camp an' ain't come back."

"Good God!" cried Westerlo, starting to his feet. "Then he has gone there this morning and knows nothing of the reprieve."

In less than an hour, despite his all-night ride, mounted on a fresh horse, Frank Kearny was spurring for the Gap, in the desperate hope of reaching the homestead before the fatal news. There was just time, before his steed was ready, for him and Westerlo to prepare despatches—one to go at once to Colonel Graham, another to the Senator from New Jersey, and both were fervent appeals to remove Armistead from the custody of Van Duzen and afford him fair trial. There was no moment in which to see the prisoner—Kearny was galloping northward striving to beat a rival that has downed the best horses that ever ran.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YALE UNIVERSITY.

Yale is in a state of transition to-day. Old though she is, she is still young enough to change. If this is doubted, I should ask the sceptic to stand at the corner of College and Chapel streets in New Haven, where the new recitation building is rapidly rising. For there he would see, side by side, the old and the new; a brick row with plain and even dingy front, and a handsome structure of the generous architecture of a modern style—the one properly belonging to a college, the other to a university. As the stranger looks from one to the other, his first thought perhaps is that there is only too striking a contrast, too great a lack of harmony between them. But as he looks again and more keenly, there will come to him the strong conviction that he is a witness of the meeting of Yale's past and Yale's future.

The last three years have been eventful ones for Yale. They have seen the rise of more buildings than twenty preceding ones; and for the first time in nearly a quarter of a century the entering class has been larger than that of her rival at Cambridge. A new President and new principles have controlled her policy. The ruling policy at Yale has hitherto been one of almost despotic exclusion and self-concentration. Immediately upon his entry into college, the young man became a member of a community complete in itself. Yale said: "For four years you belong to me. '*Après moi le déluge.*'" He was a citizen of a state governed by unwritten laws—by traditions the gradual outgrowth of the lives of his college ancestors, and which he usually accepted with unquestioning faith. The government of his intellect was of the same patriarchal type. His studies were confined to certain simple lines, not only because those lines were believed to be the right ones, but because those who had gone before him had found them sufficient. To-day, however, Yale life has more breadth. Her traditions are being relaxed by a thoughtfulness for the time when the boy becomes a man, and takes his place as such in the world. Both the social and the intellectual bars are let down, and the student has a freer scope. As a Freshman he still studies such branches as the faculty dictate. As Sophomore and Junior his choice is gradually widened, until, in Senior year, his own judgment is practically the sole guide. Yet this is not a change; it is a modification. It is a concession of an honest conservatism to the advancing theory of liberal education. Yale has held tenaciously to old principles, even though she has accepted new methods. While Harvard has been abolishing religious exercises, Yale has been building up a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association; while the overseers at Cambridge are at odds with both graduates and undergraduates on athletic questions, Yale allows a fair latitude to her athletes; and while her Massachusetts rival is looking with alarm on the possible downfall of the bulky structure of her optional system, the quiet old college at New Haven is patiently building up a course which the world will recognize sooner or later as the true curriculum to prepare young men for a practical American life.

There are many traditions in the history of Yale. One of them, whose age, like that of many a legend in the past of a nation, has given it the dignity of a principle, is undoubtedly the corner-stone on which the greatness of the college rests. It is the principle, little heeded at other American universities, that a man is what he makes himself, and nothing more. Many a newly fledged student, long accustomed to the position of dictator in the narrow circle of the boys at his preparatory school or in his native city, is surprised to find that he must begin lower down. Yale starts all her young men on the same mark, and it is a different race from the one to which young men have been trained. The prizes are for the plucky oarsman, the brainy writer, and the man of strong moral and practical sense, not for the student who drives a tandem, nor for the progeny of Knickerbockers or Crusaders. And all this makes the boy look to his own talents, to those things in his power which may eventually win a position in the college community. In some cases this spirit may make him over-ambitious or self-conceited. But as a rule the ambition and conceit are superficial, revealing, beneath, a man who can and does start in the life beyond college with a great advantage over his fellows—the ability for hard, consistent, courageous *work*.

This genius of earnest work has had outward manifestation in many ways—among others, in athletic success. Since 1880, Yale has held the undoubted supremacy in foot-ball, she has lost the base-ball pennant but once, and on the Thames she has found victory more often than defeat. To many on-lookers this record means success, and athletic success alone. But it means more to Yale men. Those who know the Yale life and the Yale creed feel that this list of victories is a triumph of a life and a creed, rather than of the men who compose the crew, the nine, or the eleven; for they remember that the athletes in New Haven contend with greater obstacles than those in any other large college. Every day in autumn, rain or shine, the foot-ball team goes two miles to the Yale field. The nine takes the same tedious trip from March to July. The crew can find no water suitable for their shell any nearer than the Quinnepiac River or New Haven Harbor. Yet these men have worked steadily on until the influence of their earnest spirit has dominated the college life. Their moral influence, or that of the physical exercises they control, has had an almost incalculable effect on dissipation and rowdyism. Other forces than those of athletics have contributed to make the undergraduate less of a Goth and Vandal than he was. He no longer wears his hair in cow-boy fashion, nor does he appear on the streets of New Haven with a coarse blanket-shawl over his shoulders. These and other more important reforms in his eccentric personality are ones which physical exercise cannot claim for her own. But the savage animal spirit which fostered the almost nightly rows between town and gown, or incited the New Haven firemen to train cannon on Old South College—a spirit which reached a climax in the murder of Pat O'Neill far back in the 'fifties—has passed out of the college body and the college life. Its fire was not extinguished in a moment or in a year, but has been allowed to flicker dimly on, gradually wasting itself in hundreds of physical contests. The reckless, brutal boy-soul lives a new life in the manly, generous nature of the

lad who to-day struggles, not for himself, but for his class and his college.

The Yale fence, which so many know, yet so few understand, is somewhat like the Freshman's idea of life—a very simple thing. It is a plain rail-fence, forming the two adjoining sides of a rectangle on the corner of the campus at College and Chapel streets. Yet the law governing that little strip of fence, scarcely two hundred feet long, is more rigid and despotic than those of the Medes and Persians. For twenty years and more the respective classes have had the same allotted space; and the same post which of old marked the boundary between the Senior and Junior or the Sophomore and Freshman marks it still. It is to the fence that the greater part of every class goes on pleasant evenings to sit and smoke and sing. And in the midst of these more animal enjoyments the social and intellectual sides of different characters are made and unmade. The fence is that which gives to Yale a social principle distinct from that of other universities: it is a practical exponent of democracy, of social equality. In college the average Yale man knows every one of his class-mates, and the greater part of them he knows by their Christian names. Out in the world the graduates have an *esprit de corps* felt by no other large body of college men. Twenty or forty years may have separated their respective classes, yet the older graduate is sure to find a kindred spirit in the younger one. There is an indefinable bond between them. They have walked the same paths, have felt the same small pleasures, and struggled with the same trivial hardships. The fence, more than all, has made for them the tie felt by two soldier souls, the *touch of the elbow*. A graduate looks back on his athletic victories, his personal successes, as mere incidents in his course. But the picture of the Yale fence is to him ineffaceable, and its influence has become a life principle.

Yale is distinctively the American college. In that fact lies her real usefulness. Her moving principle is common-sense, and her greatness, if greatness she has, lies in her simplicity. Other colleges may produce greater individuals, may foster a larger number of keen minds, or make more unselfish souls. But the average man that graduates from Yale is the one best fitted for true citizenship. He may not fight the battle of life rashly or brilliantly, but he will meet his enemies with that stern quality WELLINGTON feared and respected most—a four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage. EUGENE L. RICHARDS, JUN.

FIREMEN AT WORK.

THIS is no decorous opening of doors. There is no ceremony about it. The case is one of emergency. Proceedings are necessarily summary. There are wonderful tools used by firemen, mechanical devices made up of levers—copies, if you will, of burglarious implements—that take a door, not off of its supports, but that crush it like an egg-shell in five seconds. But these firemen cannot wait five seconds. That door must be opened within a second. There is no time for nice artistic work.

Crash go the axes, not the sharp edges of them, but the backs. The men know how to drive those axes. They eschew the framework, and beat the life out of the panels. Three blows smash it through, and then out leaps the pent-up flame, red-tongued and hungry. What next to do? Shall water be carried through the aperture? Will it be wiser to make the opening wider, and so increase the draught? It seems so easy a matter for those who don't know to decide the question of having a door open or closed. But there may be comrades above in the building, working away for dear life, and to increase even temporarily the conflagration here would be to doom to a terrible death other firemen who may be in the burning structure. Dry-goods, hardware, crockery, ostrich feathers, velvets, laces, are worth so much per yard, per crate, or per pound, but better let the whole of the merchandise crumble to a cinder than endanger a single life.

"Did Bob go up that stair, or was it Jim? Some fellows went up anyways." Then the men may pause for a moment, and listen amid the roar of the flame and the crackle of the fire for voices somewhere on the story above them.

Rapidly as the firemen have been carried at full speed by the galloping horses to the fire, like well-drilled men they have taken in the situation. The hook-and-ladder boys must be there now, and ready to help anybody caught in a tight place above them. Then their mate says that "it is not so bad above." Then smash go the axes, and the flame inside charges on them, almost drives them away; but they are not to be scared, for they care nothing for a singe. And now the door is all down, and they look in with shaded eyes on a very furnace; but an instant afterward by the rising of the clouds of steam the men know that the conquering element, water, is getting there somehow or other. A bit of the ceiling comes crashing down. It may be caused by the intense heat, or have the rest of the boys made an opening somewhere? Such proves to be the case. That fire has lost its interest now to these men. It is only a question of time before it will be extinguished.

They have been in tighter places before; at least they think so. If you ever talk to those brave fellows of their actions of *éclat*, they treat them as the most commonplace of events. Familiarity with danger may bring contempt for it. But not to quail before anything becomes with them as a second nature. It happened about four months ago at a terrible fire that a fireman got in and out again of one of those "tight places" with hands and face severely burned. His regulation mustache was singed, and that latter accident seemed to annoy him the most. "If it had only been my back hair I wouldn't have minded it." That was all he said when an ambulance took him from the fire.

TWO NEW ARMORIES.

IT has come to be recognized of late years that the erection of substantial, capacious, and suitable armories for city regiments is a wise investment of public funds. The military work done by our citizen soldiers of to-day is much greater than that of the militia of half a century ago.

In the present number of the WEEKLY we give illustrations of two armories in process of construction for New York city troops. The armory of the Twenty-second Regiment occupies the block between Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth streets and between Ninth Avenue and the Boulevard. It was begun on the 30th of January, and will be completed about the 30th of April, 1890. The appropriation made for it was $300,000, which sum the finished structure will nearly or quite absorb. Seven architects, POST, KILBURN, WARE, and others, presented plans, and after some weeks of careful deliberation those of JOHN P. LEO were selected. Captain LEO is a member of the regiment, the commander of Company I, so that a double interest is lent to his work, successful as it was over that of able competitors.

The building will be of brick, with rock-face granite trimmings. The Boulevard elevation is divided into three sections, consisting of the administrative wing, the sally-port, and the curtain. In the administrative portion a handsome porch and entrance is protected by a wrought-iron gate, behind which are oak doors four inches thick. On the sally-port portion of this wing is a tower rising to the height of 130 feet, and surrounded by a balcony which will be used for the purpose of signalling. This can be done to advantage, owing to the high ground upon which the building is placed. In two upper stories of the tower is the hospital, removed from noise and excitement. The curtain is flanked on either side by wings connecting it with the sally-port and the administrative building. The sally-port is of granite for two stories and brick in the third, and its entrance is protected by wrought-iron gates and open doors. The Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth Street elevations are broken by buttresses which relieve the monotony of the length; and this is true also of the Ninth Avenue elevation, one of the features of which will be a panel bearing the number of the regiment and the dates of its organization and of the erection of the armory. On the Sixty-seventh and Sixty-eighth street corners at Ninth Avenue will be strong towers flanking the streets and the avenue.

The ground plans aim to gain the maximum amount of floor space without sacrificing the proportions of the façades. In the basement will be the largest rifle range in the city, 24 feet by 300.

The main drill-room is on the first story, and will be 175 feet by 235. On the north side of this great room ten locker-rooms for the ten companies furnish ample accommodation for the care of uniforms. The drill-room is reached through the vestibule and main hall. The latter has a staircase eight feet wide, with an open well extending to the roof. On the left of the hall will be the rooms of the armorer and the quartermasters; on its right, head-quarters, the quarters of the field and staff, and of the non-commissioned staff and gun corps, and the dressing-room of the line officers. The armorer's room affords the only entrance to the rifle range, which is thus always under his control. The regiment when entering or leaving the drill-room as a body does so through the sally-port on its southwesterly corner.

On the second story, over the locker-rooms, will be the ten company parlors, each 25 feet square, and having in its front a private gallery accommodating seventy people. This story will further contain a large squad drill-room that can be used for company entertainments. There are ample accommodations for storing quartermasters' supplies, and on the sally-port and westerly sides are galleries for visitors. The third story contains the kitchen with its thorough appointments, a large gymnasium and mess hall, and the janitor's apartments. A feature specially worthy of mention is the fire-extinguishing system, with its connections from a tank at the top to the rooms below, this being the first of the kind in our armories.

The other armory of which we give an illustration is that of the Eighth Regiment, now in course of construction on the block between Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth streets and Park and Madison avenues. Its corner-stone was laid on October 19th last, the regiment marching up from the old armory on Broadway and Thirty-sixth Street, and being joined by the veteran corps.

The architect of the Eighth Regiment Armory is Mr. JOHN R. THOMAS, and the contractor is Mr. ISAAC A. HOPPER. It is built of brick, trimmed with red sandstone. Its impression of solidity and strength is enhanced by its great towers as seen in our illustration. These, situated on the corners of Ninety-fourth and Ninety-fifth streets and Park Avenue, are 50 feet in diameter and 135 feet in height. The frontage along Park Avenue is 200 feet, and the building extends 300 feet back on the side streets toward Madison Avenue. The great drill-room will afford fine space for regimental manœuvres. The roof rises to a height of 80 feet.

"GRAPHING" AND "PHONING" A CONCERT.

ON the evening of Monday, February 4, 1889, a series of experiments was tried in New York and Philadelphia which showed the wonderful progress made in the two latest creations of electric and molecular science—the phonograph and the "long-phone," as it is popularly called, or the long-distance telephone, to use its title in full. The occasion was a lecture by WILLIAM J. HAMMER, of Orange, New Jersey, upon "Edison and his Inventions," delivered before the famous Franklin Institute of Philadelphia.

To illustrate the wonderful work done by the "Wizard of Menlo Park," the lecturer arranged with the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, at 18 Cortlandt Street, New York, to connect its operating-room by a long-distance telephone with the lecture hall in the "City of Brotherly Love." A new-style phonograph was connected with the latter instrument at each end of the line.

THE LONG-DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
A. Lightning Arrester. B. Magneto Bell. C. Generator. D. Battery.

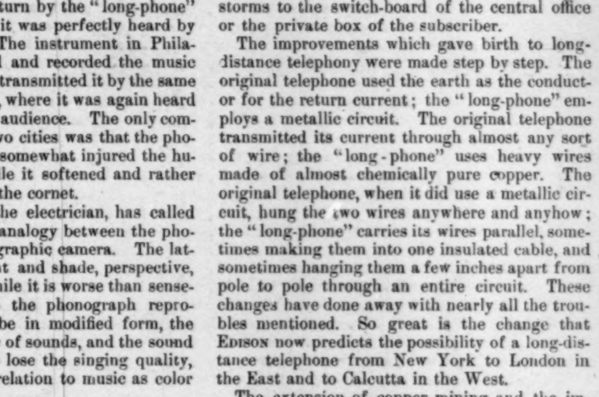
A cornet-player and a church-choir singer supplied the instrumental and vocal music with which the audiences in both halls were entertained. The experiments were simplicity itself. The cornetist and the soprano in New York poured their melodies into phonograph, "long-phone," and ears of auditors alike. The wire conveyed the music to Philadelphia, where it was heard and enjoyed by an audience which packed the great hall of the Franklin Institute. The 103 miles over which the sound had travelled simply served to modulate or soften the quality, so that when it was reproduced it was piano and pianissimo where in New York it was fortissimo and forte. Another feature of interest was the fact that the telephone "flatted" the music, nearly every air that was reproduced being a trifle more than a half-tone below the original.

Despite this drawback the transmission of music by the telephone was a wonderful success. In order to determine the limitations of the process, the managers requested personal friends, of scientific ability, whose homes or business places were connected with the central office, to listen at their boxes to what occurred in both halls. In every case, so far as known, the listener heard almost as well as the auditors in the room where the music was given. Upon this basis it is merely a matter of a few months before any person musically inclined, no matter how far away, can connect his home by the "long-phone" with the Metropolitan Opera-house and hear WAGNER, BRAHMS, or VERDI in the privacy of his own parlor. The phonographic or graphophonic experiments were even more startling. The instrument which received and "graphed" the music in New York transmitted it in turn by the "long-phone" to Philadelphia, where it was perfectly heard by the entire audience. The instrument in Philadelphia which received and recorded the music from the "long-phone" transmitted it by the same wire back to New York, where it was again heard by the Cortlandt Street audience. The only commentary made in the two cities was that the phonograph weakened and somewhat injured the human singing voice, while it softened and rather improved the effect of the cornet.

Dr. A. W. JACKSON, the electrician, has called attention to a singular analogy between the phonograph and the photographic camera. The latter reproduces line, light and shade, perspective, and actinic intensity, while it is worse than senseless toward color. So the phonograph reproduces, though it may be in modified form, the sound waves, the *timbre* of sounds, and the sound volume, but it seems to lose the singing quality, which bears the same relation to music as color does to visible objects.

Mr. EDISON has explained how he was led to the invention of the phonograph by an accident. He was engaged in perfecting a machine intended to repeat MORSE characters which were recorded on paper by indentations. This paper was wrapped on a cylinder, and in manipulating the machine he found that when this cylinder carrying the indented paper was turned rapidly it gave off a humming sound resembling human talk heard indistinctly. This suggested the fitting of a diaphragm to the machine which would receive the sound waves of his voice, and register the vibrations on an impressible substance (paraffined paper) placed on the revolving cylinder. To reproduce the sound, the cylinder was revolved again, and a similar diaphragm held over it, when the vibrations were again made and became audible.

This roughly is the phonograph. It is not an electric machine, though an electric motor is commonly used to maintain a steady revolution of the cylinder, both in recording and reproducing the sounds. Of course the appliances of the machine are as delicate and mathematically exact as those of a watch, but excepting that a cylinder of paraffine wax has been substituted for the waxed paper and the tinfoil that were used in the early days of the invention, and that the mechanism is slightly more elaborate and more exact, the phonograph of to-day is the same instrument that excited the world ten years ago. Its use is perfectly simple, and the transmission of its sound over the telephone to Philadelphia is no more of a marvel than the transmission of any other sound.



EDISON'S PHONOGRAPH.
A. Reproducer. B. Recorder.

In repeating the music and other sounds that were carried so far in the experiments described each listener was obliged to place the ear-piece to his own ear. The connection of the phonograph with the telephone was effected by the simple contrivance of a tube passed from the receiver or mouth-piece of the telephone to the reproducer of one phonograph, and another tube from the transmitter of the telephone to the recorder of the other phonograph. So simple indeed was the union of the two wonders that the experiments would hardly merit the notice they received if it were not for the fact that they drew attention to the great improvements lately made in the telephone.

The long-distance telephone is at last a great success. In the beginning of telephony it was found so difficult to convey sounds properly that many experts pronounced it impossible to extend a system beyond five miles in any direction from a central office. What with earth currents, electric storms, interfering wires, and rapid transmitters, the voice transmitted became so confused with roaring, sputtering, clicking, rasping, and exploding that in many cases intelligible telephoning was impossible. In a few instances it was positively dangerous from the conveying of lightning by the wires from distant thunder-storms to the switch-board of the central office or the private box of the subscriber.

The improvements which gave birth to long-distance telephony were made step by step. The original telephone used the earth as the conductor or for the return current; the "long-phone" employs a metallic circuit. The original telephone transmitted its current through almost any sort of wire; the "long-phone" uses heavy wires made of almost chemically pure copper. The original telephone, when it did use a metallic circuit, hung the two wires anywhere and anyhow; the "long-phone" carries its wires parallel, sometimes making them into one insulated cable, and sometimes hanging them a few inches apart from pole to pole through an entire circuit. These changes have done away with nearly all the troubles mentioned. So great is the change that EDISON now predicts the possibility of a long-distance telephone from New York to London in the East and to Calcutta in the West.

The extension of copper mining and the improvements in the metallurgy and working of that metal enable the dealer in electric supplies to furnish a copper wire of the greatest purity and highest conductivity, hard drawn and of vast tensile strength, that can encircle the globe. Ten years ago there was not a mile of copper wire in the market but contained flaws and faults, and was absolutely devoid of tensile, molecular, and electrical homogeneity. To-day the manufacturer can produce a wire whose uniformity will not vary the one-hundredth of one per cent. in a thousand miles of length.

Of almost equal importance are the improvements in transmitter and receiver—the mechanisms into which you speak and by which you hear. The discovery by EDISON of the telephonic value of carbon and chalk increased the power of the telephone at least a thousand per cent. So great is the change that the sound conveyed from Boston to New York by these mechanisms is more perfectly reproduced than that from one street to another by the ordinary system. FALES-CURTIS.

FIREMEN AT WORK.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 127.]

TWO BOOMS.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

I.

SALEM CITY was booming. It was no ordinary boom; it was a rush of financial currents uniting in one great flood of speculation.

Salem did not always boom. A year before, it was a simple village. Its streets were muddy, its houses badly built, its people sluggish. The tide that swept by it was far more active than the flow of its social and commercial life.

But one bright day a nervous man, dressed carefully in a Prince Albert coat and a high hat, broke upon the monotony of the place. A dozen surmises were made as to his calling. A drummer he was not, for he sold no goods; a minister he could not be, for he patronized the bar; a lawyer he might be, but he declined to satisfy curiosity. He walked over the village; he talked of the climate; he asked questions until he exhausted all sources of information. In a day he knew who owned property, and the next day he had bought options on two squares, five business lots, and three outlying fields, besides purchasing outright the best house in the place.

Then he disappeared. He travelled four hundred miles until he reached a small city. He entered a modest house, and after kissing an elderly lady and a young girl, who might have been either sixteen or nineteen years of age, he told them that he was going to sell out and move.

The man was Anthony Hoddle. He was a grocery merchant. For twenty years he had sold the necessaries of life. People liked him because he could talk. Nature had supplied him with plenteous speech, and he had improved on nature. He could tell the news of the week while he was dealing out a pound of coffee. He once disposed of the doctrine of eternal punishment before he filled his minister's order for four pounds of sugar. The incident is on record that he discussed the whole tariff question while he was getting a gallon of molasses. It is true that the day was cold and the molasses ran slowly through the spigot, but that does not detract from the glory of his performance. To use the words of one of the customers, he could talk an ebb-tide out, and still be in a condition to talk it back to a flood.

Of course such a man prospered. For twenty years he had sold groceries, and his bank account footed up twenty thousand dollars, exclusive of the value of his store.

Twenty years of sugar and coffee and flour and salt mackerel had tired him out. He longed for new fields with riches to satisfy his ambition. The opportunity came. He heard accidentally that a new railroad was to be built with a place called Salem as its terminus. To that village he went, with the results that have been mentioned.

He returned home. His announcement was a sensation. Mrs. Hoddle and Miss Hoddle plied him with questions.

"Now listen," said Mr. Hoddle. "I am tired of this humdrum life; so are you. I've a chance to get rich. This Salem is going to be a big city. In six months it will be crowded; in a year it will not know itself; in two years it will have a society, and as first settlers you will be aristocrats. We shall become wealthy, famous, happy. I'm determined. I sell out to-morrow if I can. Next week we move."

The night was practically consumed in discussion. It ended in a lot of new hopes undimmed by fears. The grocery was sold out at an unexpected sum, and the family moved.

By the time they reached Salem a few other real estate speculators had learned of the railroad and had descended upon the village. With these Mr. Hoddle made prompt acquaintance. He even sold them some land—at twice what he paid for it—and as quickly as possible he bought other ground on the outskirts of the town.

The boom began. It attracted strangers; it brought a horde of real estate agents; it revolutionized the village. The rough inn became a hotel; the eating-house shed its home-made name and paraded as a restaurant. Salem was no longer a village; it was Salem City. Hoddle's early arrival on the field had given him the prestige of a discoverer. He used it to its fullest value. He had the American genius of adaptability, and he ensconced himself snugly in the circumstances of the boom.

It was he who called the real estate men together for a consultation. They answered the summons. Interested in selfish results, their very selfishness made them anxious for the future of the town. They talked and advised and orated and discussed. But the speech of the day was made by Hoddle.

"Gentlemen," he said, "we all want this town to boom. How shall we do it? Two words solve the problem: Stand together! We shall have our differences, our quarrels, and our contentions; but on one point we must be unanimous: we must talk this town up. If one of us goes away he must boom Salem City. Every man must be an advertising committee. Get interviewed in the papers; write letters; send out circulars; get the eye of the world on Salem; picture it as the fairest spot on earth. If any man says anything against our boom, denounce him as a traitor and a slanderer. Blow hard, and blow all the time. A boom is like a balloon; you've got to inflate it. We may have our little differences and rivalries among ourselves—that's all right; but one thing we must all do: we must give this boom a plenty of wind."

Before Hoddle could part the tails of his Prince Albert coat and sit down, a great chorus of approval greeted his outburst of practical eloquence. He had struck the key-note, and the choir of real estate speculators at once began an unceasing pæan to the glory of Salem City's matchless resources and immeasurable future.

Hoddle rose triumphantly on the crest of the boom. The admiring populace promoted him to a colonelcy, and Colonel Hoddle took hold of things with a fine grasp. He ran real estate speculation at full speed with both throttles open. Selling sugar at cost with three profits on coffee wasn't a circumstance. When an investor drifted his way he gorged him with adjectives, delayed him with descriptions, and intoxicated him with figures. It was worth going across the continent to see him talk. His Prince Albert coat, as if afraid to conceal such a personality, flopped open and displayed a wealth of shirt bosom that seemed to reflect the lustre of his radiant optimism. He did not converse; he orated. His voice had caught the breeziness of the landscape, and no man who came in contact with him could escape without feeling that Salem City was destined to outgrow the fullest resources of the dictionary and the multiplication table. If by accident any man doubted after Colonel Hoddle's shower-bath of statistical enthusiasm, the colonel would remark: "You see that square over there? Well, I bought it two months ago for two thousand. You can have it now for fifty thousand. Come back this time next year and I'll charge you a hundred thousand."

And so the boom developed. Organized exaggeration spread its fame. From one end of the country to the other the papers told of its marvellous growth. Investors who would demand abundant collateral and ten per cent. at home bought corner lots a half-mile from Salem's limits with no assurance except the flattering promises of the agents.

All this was intensified by the survey of the new Prairie and Deep Water Railroad, which was brought to the northern edge of the city. There it was hesitating as to which route to take to get it to the river-front. Colonel Hoddle had anticipated it.

"Gentlemen," said he, to a party of property owners whom he had assembled in his office, "this road is being built by New York capitalists. They've got a plenty of money. They expect to spend it. The situation is in our hands. We can offer them free ground a part of the way and charge them like the deuce for the rest. What do you say to a syndicate?"

It was a fruitful suggestion. The syndicate was formed. The plan was to give the road right of way along the eastern side of Salem City, and make up all gifts a dozen times over by charging ten prices for terminal facilities.

From the company came a cordial letter thanking the citizens for their liberality. The offer would be considered and an answer returned. But as the days passed and no reply was received, Hoddle grew uneasy.

"Windsor, what do you think of it?" asked Colonel Hoddle.

Windsor had been in town only a week—he came there, he said, on account of the climate—but in that short time he had made the acquaintance of every man in the place, of Hoddle especially. "I like you, colonel," he had said, "because you are candid, and are a gentleman a man can trust." The colonel felt flattered and reciprocated the friendship. Moreover, he had seen that Windsor was a man of insinuating usefulness. He had a peculiar faculty for finding out things. For instance, the day before, a little information through Windsor had led to a bargain which netted him over a thousand dollars. Windsor seemed to be sincerely attached to him from the outset, and the colonel saw in him a friend who could be used. The abnormal circumstances of the boom made all sorts of attachments, and a day was as a week as far as social acquaintance went. The colonel and Windsor had become quite intimate, Windsor being after what he called congeniality, and the colonel pursuing his usual policy that led to the almighty dollar.

So the colonel called Windsor in to talk about the mysterious silence of the new railroad people. "It looks as if they were going to play some dodge on us and escape our syndicate," said he.

Windsor was silent. He was wrapped in corrugated thought. Suddenly he arose from his chair and walked up and down the office floor. Just as suddenly he stopped in front of the colonel, and exclaimed,

"By George! I wonder if it is true?"

"What?"

"Why, this. Last night I took a stroll in the West End. I'm troubled with insomnia, you know, and I often go out at night to walk myself tired, so that I can sleep. It was late. Near the county road I heard several men measuring with chains. What did it mean? I wonder if it wasn't a surveying party?"

The colonel jumped up. "You've hit it, my dear fellow—you've hit it. My suspicions are correct. They're trying to get an entrance by the west side."

"Not so fast, colonel; I may be mistaken. Let's make sure of this thing. Come with me to-night, and we'll see if the performance is repeated."

Late that night two men crept softly along the county road. At first they heard nothing, but presently sounds of a company of men drifted over the field. They crept closer. They saw chains and compasses. It was a surveying party.

The next day the colonel was a busy man. First he shifted a lot of his own real estate; then he kindly informed the syndicate of his discoveries. There was a rush to the West End property, and it was intensified upon the receipt of a letter from the company politely declining the proffers of the syndicate. Colonel Hoddle was happy, for he had four hours' start of all his fellow-agents.

In all the hurry of speculation Colonel Hoddle's family duties were not neglected. He had a happy household. Mrs. Hoddle was a kindly woman, devoted, domestic, and popular. She had easily taken her position at the head of the new society of Salem City. Her daughter, Miss Elizabeth, was by common consent the belle of the future metropolis. She was a good musician, a clever conversationalist, an easy-mannered, approachable girl who made friends and maintained her own independence. The family was probably the wealthiest in the place; they had the handsomest house, and they entertained freely. At the table the colonel was a royal host. When he parted the tails of his Prince Albert coat and sat down, there was not a dull moment until the meal was ended.

"I tell you that Windsor is a perfect mascot," he said, the day after his West End deals. "If he will only stay in this town we will soon be millionaires, and I suppose I will be obliged to get elected to the United States Senate."

Windsor was invited to dinner. He made himself agreeable, and he and the colonel cemented their friendship by an entire evening of confidential conversation, sanctified by the plenteous incense of tobacco smoke.

A week later the colonel came home to dinner in very good spirits. He parted the tails of his Prince Albert coat and sat down with his usual dignity. Something seemed to be amusing him. It got into his throat, and broke out into short spasms.

"What is the matter with you?" asked Mrs. Hoddle.

"Oh, nothing, nothing. I merely want to die—that's all."

"What?"

"Oh, you ought to have met him—J. Maximilian Ross. Dwell on the name—J. Maximilian Ross. He wears it all, and he lives. He's got it engraved on cards. He struggles under a stove-pipe hat. I've seen him, and I want to go away—far, far away—far to a foreign shore."

"Anthony," said Mrs. Hoddle, severely, "are you intoxicated?"

"I don't know, Susanna—I don't know. Perhaps I am. J. Maximilian Ross!"

"In Heaven's name, Mr. Hoddle, who are you talking about? Get sensible for once in your life."

"Impossible, dear—impossible. Family association, you know."

At this point Miss Elizabeth came to her mother's assistance. It was the combined curiosity of two women against one man. The great speculator met the onslaught by an ignominious surrender.

"Well," he said, "I'll tell you. He came in this morning, young, fresh, and beautiful—more fresh than beautiful—fresh from the East, fresh from New York, fresh from a bandbox. But, thanks be to the fates, he was salted with money. That caught this bird; it always does. He wanted to invest. I undertook to give him a few facts."

"Facts?"

"No interruption, please. Yes, facts and figures. He opened his mouth and swallowed them, gulped them down, feasted on them. This afternoon he is to return, and perhaps I'll buy you a case of diamonds on the proceeds."

"Where do I come in?" asked Miss Elizabeth.

"I'll give you a father's blessing and J. Maximilian."

"Never mind the blessing," was the response; "I'll take the man."

"My dear," said the fond father, "when the real estate agents of this great and booming city get through with J. Maximilian Ross he won't have enough money left to get back home. But"—looking at his watch—"here I've spent all this time and not a sale to show for it. That's the result of a happy home. It's bad policy. Next time I get married I'm going to hunt up the ugliest woman in America. Then I'll never want to leave my business."

Colonel Hoddle liked to ramble on in this easy, unconventional way when alone with his family, and Mrs. and Miss Hoddle assisted him. At supper that night he was as beaming as ever, and he had scarcely got the napkin tucked under his chin—which performance, I regret to say, the unperfected culture of the uncompleted city allowed—before he began to relate the events of the afternoon.

"J. Maximilian has invested," he said; "and what do you suppose he bought? That mud-hole at the bend of the river. Cost me two hundred dollars. Sold it to him for two thousand: net profits, eighteen hundred. He's going to settle here, he thinks. Poor fellow! we'll try to make it pleasant for him, even if he does have to pay for it. I've invited him and Windsor to supper to-morrow. You'll have to stand him for an hour or so for my sake. There's nothing like flavoring business with a little hospitality, you know."

The next evening Mr. Ross came to tea. The ladies were anxious to see him. Their expectations were not disappointed. They saw a tall, fashionably dressed young man, rather good-looking, but entirely emotionless as far as outward indications went. He was not a fluent talker, but he selected his words with intelligence, and his occasional stuttering did not greatly interfere with his speech. The Hoddle family were talkers, and with Windsor's polite assistance they made up for all deficiencies, and conversation went with a rush, breaking only when it ran against Mr. Ross's struggling syllables. The meal went off with comfortable and well-digested success, and the party adjourned to the parlor, where Miss Elizabeth made her first effort to engage the guest in conversation.

"I suppose you find this city very rough compared to your Eastern home?"

"Y-e-s," he said, slowly.

This was not an enthusiastic opening of the acquaintance, but it did not discourage Miss Elizabeth. She was of an impressionable age, men were few, and she admired fashion even on a dummy.

"It is a new town," she added.

"Y-e-s, but a mighty progressive one."

This was better. In fact it continued to improve, and it was not long before Miss Elizabeth and Mr. Ross were carrying on such a conversation that the colonel and Windsor begged permission to retire to the library for a smoke.

After a while Mr. Ross looked toward the piano and asked Miss Elizabeth if she played. She did. Would she play? Certainly, and she executed a nocturne with great satisfaction.

He was glancing over her music, and presently he held up a piece and said:

"This is a very pretty song. Won't you sing it?"

"Look again," she replied; "it's a duet."

"Why, so it is! How stupid of me! But if you don't mind, I might spoil it by assisting you."

A cheerful assent, a few introductory bars, and two voices joined in the song. It was a good song well sung. Mrs. Hoddle sat silent, delighted with the music. But in the delight crept a fear. Those two young people were getting along rather too well.

"You have a lovely voice!" exclaimed Miss Elizabeth, just as the song was finished.

"Really that is not fair," rejoined J. Maximilian; "you took the words from me. You sing b-beautifully."

There were several more songs, and presently the colonel and Windsor returned from their cigars. The evening soon ended, and Mr. Ross and Mr. Windsor were invited to call again. These two men seemed perfect opposites—Windsor suave, effusive, confidential; Ross cold, distant, indifferent—and as they left the house they walked on as if each desired to be a stranger to the other.

"Well, what do you think of him?" asked the colonel. Miss Elizabeth had slipped away, and the colonel and his wife were alone.

"Anthony, do you remember the night you proposed to me?"

"Of course I do. We sang a duet, and you said I had a beautiful—yes, that's the word—beautiful voice."

"People grow more truthful as they grow older."

But the colonel ignored the interruption. "It was the first time that anybody said I could sing at all, and I proposed on the spot."

"Anthony, after you and Mr. Windsor went to the library to-night, Elizabeth and Mr. Ross sang a duet."

"The mischief they did!"

"Yes; and they sang better than we did."

"Impossible!"

"And when two young people get to singing duets it's serious."

"Well?"

"How would you like J. Maximilian Ross for a son-in-law?"

"Merciful Jupiter! Susanna, what do you mean? Why, I'd feel disgraced for life. I'd sell out and emigrate."

The result of it all was that the colonel's antipathy to the young man increased a hundredfold. "If he was a man," he said, "I wouldn't mind. But that thing? Not much!"

In every way he sought to bring him into ridicule. In business he called him "the dude with the parted name." At home he alluded to him tenderly as J. Maxie.

"Colonel," said a caller one day, "I want to sell that lot of mine over in East Salem."

"Sorry, major," replied the colonel, "but I wouldn't take it at any price. The only person I know who'll buy is that picturesque ass J. Maximilian Ross. You can sell him anything."

So it became the colonel's standing advice to people who wanted to dispose of unsaleable lots go to J. Maximilian Ross. They always went. They found the same indifferent young man. He didn't want to buy particularly; in fact he to thought he had enough land already; but what was their price? That much? Oh, it was too high, you know. It wasn't right to impose on a stranger. Then the owner would come down, and when he got low enough, J. Maximilian Ross would offer a little less, and the bargain was closed.

More than a month elapsed. The boom was confined to West Side property, and the young city was full of speculation. J. Maximilian took life quietly. He visited the Hoddles; he took Miss Elizabeth driving; he made few acquaintances, and he wore the same indifference that he had brought with him from the East.

"Windsor," said the colonel, "it does seem that this whole town is palming off its bad lots on the dude, doesn't it?"

"It looks that way."

"I notice that he is still sinking his money on the East Side. He was fool enough to buy that mud-hole. I wonder if I couldn't get rid of those lots around it? Do you think we can work it?"

"Suppose I talk with him?"

"All right."

He did so. The result was a sale at a figure that made the colonel jubilant.

"Well," said he at the supper-table, "I'm glad J. Maxie settled in this town. He's such a tender bird, so innocent, so easy to pluck. I got several thousands more out of him to-day."

"I wouldn't boast of it if I were you," said Miss Elizabeth.

"My dear," responded the father, "if a fool and his money are soon parted, it's the fault of the fool; and if nature didn't supply us with fools, what would become of speculation?"

"Father, did it ever strike you that Mr. Ross is not as big a fool as he looks?"

"No," answered the colonel, reflectively; "it strikes me that he is a bigger fool than he looks."

All this did not affect the visits that J. Maximilian Ross made to the colonel's house—visits which were musical with duets. Mr. Ross was very attentive, and Miss Elizabeth seemed bright and happy. The colonel bore it all with an easy grace. He believed in the fullest freedom, and he would do nothing to restrict the happiness of his daughter. Furthermore, he scarcely thought

that anything would result from the acquaintanceship. He gave Miss Elizabeth credit for more sense.

But he calculated wrongly. It was the same old story. The director of those duets was a merry little fellow named Cupid. And he did his work well.

Mrs. Hoddle saw the result. "Elizabeth," said she, one day when they were alone, "has Mr. Ross proposed yet?"

"Not yet," was the reply, uttered in mock-seriousness; "but I expect him to soon. He's very slow, you know." And with a laugh to hide the rising blushes, she fled from the room.

Mrs. Hoddle shook her head and said nothing. She did not even mention it to the colonel.

But J. Maximilian Ross had something to say. It was about a week afterward. He entered the colonel's office, and found the great speculator alone. The colonel parted the tails of his Prince Albert coat as usual, sat down with dignity, and placing his fingers together, said,

"Well, what can I do for you?"

J. Maximilian sat bolt-upright, and tugged away on his glove.

"Colonel, I came to ask a great favor of you."

"What is it?"

"The hand of your daughter."

"W-h-a-t? You?"

"Yes; why not?"

"You?"

"If you wish any information about my position and my family—"

"Your family," interrupted the colonel, with steadily rising wrath—"your family? Do you think my daughter wants to marry your family? How much, pray, will your ancestors honor your note for?"

"I have money."

"You have now. But, great Scott! how long will you have it? The way you're going, you'll be a beggar inside of six months. What do I care for your family? I've seen you; that's enough. I want my daughter to marry a man who can make money, not one who throws it away."

"Is that your answer?"

"Yes, sir, it is. And it will continue to be my answer until you can show that you have sense enough to get in when it rains. For Heaven's sake, young man, do something—do something! Try to be a man. Give nature some excuse for your existence."

"Is that all?" asked J. Maximilian, in the coolest possible way.

The colonel fell back in his chair. His feelings had overcome his powers of speech.

J. Maximilian arose, walked quietly to the door, and remarking, "Very sorry to have troubled you—good-afternoon," sauntered down the street as unconcernedly as if nothing had happened. The fires might have been raging within, but all was unimpassioned without.

Not so with the colonel. For a few minutes his collapse continued. Then he gradually recovered. The more he recovered, the higher his vehemence rose. He felt like the hero of Bitter Creek, who wanted all creation to come into that room so that he could get a chance to thrash it. The colonel was undoubtedly angry. It required two days for him to cool down to his normal temperature.

The colonel knew womankind well enough not to adopt arbitrary measures. All he said to his daughter was:

"Elizabeth, you are a girl of good sense, and I've only one thing to ask of you. When you think of getting married don't marry a fool."

"I won't, father. Be sure of that."

J. Maximilian Ross continued to pursue a very quiet course. He had money, but he very frankly said that he could not afford to buy expensive property. He was willing to invest modestly, and wait for a gradual rise in values. The boom was going on almost entirely in West Side land. The contemplated railroad there promised to shift the business centre of the city and concentrate values in that locality. Westward the course of speculation took its way. The crowds went with it. Holders of East Side lots became frightened. Prices fell. As the only buyer, J. Maximilian Ross secured bargains at his own figure. He seemed to buy because the agents persuaded him into buying, not because he wanted it. One day he made an offer for the square owned by Colonel Hoddle. The colonel's price was fifty thousand dollars.

"Twenty-five is all I can give," said J. Maximilian.

"Then you won't get it," said the colonel.

The railroad people were strangely inactive. They had not begun operations around Salem. Suspicion took hold of the agents. As usual, the colonel consulted Windsor.

"What is the matter?" he asked.

Windsor pulled a letter from his pocket. It was from New York, and in it was this sentence: "We hear that the Prairie and Deep Water Railroad people have changed their programme. They are going to take their road to Concord instead of to Salem. They claim that it will be cheaper."

This perturbed the great speculator. He thought of it all night. The next morning he got the local paper from Concord.

"We can state on good authority," said the Concord *Civilizer*, in leaded type, "that the new railroad has selected Concord for its terminus. This shows good sense. Salem City—the idea of a one-horse town being called a city!—is nothing but a mud-hole worked by a gang of speculators who have sunk other people's money so deep that they will never see it again. Concord is the future metropolis! Hurrah for us! We will have ten thousand population inside of a year!"

II.

Colonel Hoddle was a man of action. He did not hesitate. The boast of the Concord *Civilizer* by itself meant little. Taken in connection with Windsor's letter, it meant everything.

To Concord the colonel hastened. He looked over the town thoroughly; he found a large and active boom there. Prices had jumped, and he could buy nothing except a few stray lots, which he picked up with all eagerness. West of Concord was a tract two hundred acres in extent. Could he get that? He would try.

Back to Salem City he went. He told Windsor of the land, and asked him to find out who owned it. In a day's time Windsor got the information. He entered the office with a smile. "Who do you think owns that land?"

"I don't know."

"J. Maximilian Ross; and what's more, I believe you can get it away from him if you want it."

The colonel grabbed his hat, and without taking time to thank Windsor, made straight for Ross's office. He found the young man in. Negotiations for the purchase were begun at once.

"What will you take for it? Name your lowest price, and don't hesitate, for I haven't any time to lose."

"Well," replied J. Maximilian, with his usual slowness, "that land ought to be worth one hundred thousand; but I need some money, and I'll tell you what I'll do—give me that square you own on the East Side, that new house you have just finished on the Heights, and twenty thousand dollars in cash, and I'll deed you the two hundred acres."

The colonel rapidly computed the values. The square he held at fifty thousand, the house at ten thousand, and with the twenty thousand cash the total was eighty thousand. But the fall in the boom had knocked Salem prices down nearly one-third, and he was getting his bargain for something like sixty thousand.

"Young man," he said, "I'll take it."

The papers were drawn up and signed that day. At tea the colonel was jubilant.

"I saw J. Maxie again to-day," he said.

"So did I," said Miss Elizabeth.

"But the case is different," replied the colonel, with a slight frown. "J. Maxie will soon be very sorry that he ever met me. There's no use denying the fact that the boom in this town is played out: that railroad is not coming here. It's going to Concord, and it will take the boom with it. Well, J. Maxie owned two hundred acres near that town of as pretty land as you could want. He doesn't own it now; it is in the possession of your humble servant."

"How did you get it?" asked Mrs. Hoddle.

"Policy and cash, my dear, and my mascot Windsor. I expected to pay a hundred thousand for it; I got it for sixty. I was sorry that J. Maximilian was so easy to pluck, but forty thousand dollars is enough consolation to heal a week of sorrow. I got his land for twenty thousand cash, which I raised on mortgages, the East Side square that won't be worth twenty thousand one week from now, and that new house on the Heights."

"I thought you were going to give me that house some time for a wedding present," interrupted Miss Elizabeth.

"So I intended, my dear; but you know circumstances alter cases. After a while we'll move to Concord, and when you meet your fate there, I'll do the handsome thing and build you a palace. As for J. Maximilian, I suppose we'll have to leave him to pull his cash out of these Salem City mud-holes. Poor fellow, how unfortunate it is that nature didn't give him less style and more sense!"

For an hour the conversation lasted. It was an important subject, the probability of removal, but the colonel smoothed down all objections by describing the superior climate of Concord and the added riches that his new speculations would bring. They would live in a finer house, he would enter politics, and a trip to Europe should become a summer vacation. They adjourned to the parlor; a minute afterward J. Maximilian Ross was ushered in. Never was he so carefully dressed. Never did he appear so calm and so polite. He bowed with conventional courtliness, and then said, in his indifferent way,

"Colonel, I came to see you about a little matter."

"Business?"

"Not especially. I came to see if you would deliver the address on behalf of the city at the laying of the corner-stone of the new railroad."

"What city?" gasped the colonel.

"Why, Salem, of course."

"Young man, are you crazy? The railroad is not coming here; it is going to Concord."

J. Maximilian Ross raised his eyebrows in surprise. "I think you're mistaken; it's coming here."

"Explain yourself," commanded the colonel, with an excitement that was unusual to his nature.

The conversation had taken place so rapidly that the two men were still standing, apparently forgetting to sit down.

"When the plans of the new railroad were announced," said J. Maximilian, "everything seemed easy, but somebody got up a syndicate in Salem to make the company pay more for terminals than it could afford. So I was sent on here to see about it."

"You?"

"Yes. Of course you know that I am the representative of the company here?"

The colonel was speechless. Mrs. Hoddle looked on in open-mouthed wonder. Miss Elizabeth turned her chair to the fire and buried her face in her hands. Her appearance looked like grief, but it wasn't.

J. Maximilian talked on without the faintest sign of emotion. "I had a hard time," he continued, "to switch the speculation over to the western side of the city while I bought our right of way at reduced rates on the east; but it was a great success. We saved at least twenty thousand right down at the river front. I believe I bought that of you, colonel?"

The colonel groaned. "Go on," he said. "What about yesterday's deal?"

"Why, I had to have that square for the company's central building, and I couldn't pay over twenty-five thousand for it. I tried to get it, but you wouldn't come down. So I put ten thousand in a lot of land at Concord, and got about eighty thousand for it. Sorry for you, colonel, but it had to be done."

"But Windsor told me that the railroad was going there?"

"I hope you don't trust Windsor; he isn't reliable."

The colonel's voice was growing husky. The color left his face. Suddenly he cried out, "Young man, you have ruined me!"

The cry did not disturb the young man's equanimity. He quietly replied, "Oh no, I haven't; I've got until Saturday to keep the plans quiet. To-morrow will be Thursday. If you cannot turn that land over at a good profit in two days you're not what I take you to be. But I make my silence conditional."

"What's the condition?"

"That you deliver that address."

The colonel's smile returned. It cleared away the fog from his throat and the clouds from his face.

"Thank you, thank you," he said; "I will deliver the speech. I'll make somebody pay me a hundred thousand for that property. But, Mr. Ross, if there is anything else in this county that you want, please let me know, so that I can get out of your way."

J. Maximilian looked over to the rocking-chair. Laughing eyes returned the glance. Love's signal service worked to a charm. The colonel saw it; Mrs. Hoddle saw it. No words were needed to emphasize it. For fifteen seconds the air was eloquent with silence: it seemed like fifteen minutes.

"Perhaps you know now why I wanted that house on the Heights. Elizabeth seems to like it so well."

"Yes," said Elizabeth; "father likes it too."

The colonel blushed—actually blushed; but presently he said: "I have only one favor to ask. Postpone this wedding long enough for me to pay my respects to Windsor."

"I don't think we can," said Mr. Ross

"Why?"

"You see the climate doesn't agree with Windsor as much as he thought. He's afraid of a change. Sometimes people like him very much for a while, and then they turn around and dislike him equally as much. His midnight surveying parties will not be popular when people understand them. I fear, too, that he is responsible for that Concord boom, and when it reacts, as it will do next week, this locality will not be as healthy for him as he would like. All in all, I thought it best to send him back home."

"You?" demanded the colonel.

And J. Maximilian Ross looked up with all the innocence of a sudden surprise, and said, slowly and sweetly: "Really, this is singular. Didn't Windsor tell you that he was my confidential agent?"

The colonel looked at the young man in a dazed sort of way, and sank silently into the big plush chair. And for the first time in his life he forgot to part the tails of his Prince Albert coat.

As for J. Maximilian Ross he walked over to Mrs. Hoddle, and unrolling a sheet of music, asked her if she objected to listening to a new duet.

ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD, D.D., LL.D.

To write worthily of living men is not easy; but it would be better if the kind things said of the dead had sometimes been said while the subject of them was still upon the battle-field of life, to be stimulated to still nobler achievements or sustained in moments of depression by the thought that others sympathize with his efforts to benefit mankind.

ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD is a Methodist of the Methodists. Born November 19, 1839, he "has not yet seen fifty." His father was GREENE B. HAYGOOD, of Watkinsville, Georgia, a lawyer. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, as was also his wife, MARTHA ASKEN HAYGOOD. These parents led their son to the Church in boyhood. Five years after his birth the great disruption occurred in the Methodist Church on the subject of slavery, and after the division the Southern Conferences added the word "South" to their ecclesiastical designation, so that the HAYGOODS were from this time members of the Methodist Episcopal Church South.

The subject of this sketch was prepared for college chiefly by his mother, and entered the Sophomore Class of Emory College, Georgia, in 1856. He was graduated in 1859, well informed, intelligent, respected as a young man of promise, but not decorated by the honors of scholarship. The same year he married Miss MARY YARBROUGH, the daughter of a Methodist preacher, and to this most fortunate event owes much of his success, for his wife has been a "helpmeet" indeed in every work undertaken by him.

Dr. HAYGOOD'S father was an "Old Line Whig," and his son followed in his footsteps. He lacked a few days of being old enough to vote for President in 1860, but wrote newspaper articles for the *National American*, of Atlanta, for BELL and EVERETT. He was opposed to secession, but "went out with Georgia," and followed the Confederacy to the end. He was a chaplain and missionary in the Confederate army in 1861, and continued to 1864.

Prior to his graduation he had been admitted to the ministry as a licentiate, and immediately after leaving college he entered the Georgia Conference, and became a regular pastor. He continued in this Conference, holding different positions of responsibility, including the presiding eldership, the highest administrative office except that of Bishop, until 1870, when he was elected editor of the Sunday-school publications of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. He has been a member of every General Conference of his denomination since 1870, and was chosen fraternal messenger to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church which was held at Cincinnati in 1880.

On the 1st of January, 1876, he was elected President of his *alma mater*, and filled that position until December 31, 1884. When he took the presidency the institution was at a low ebb. Before he left it the number of students had reached 311; and during his service important buildings were added, and the endowment brought up from $13,000 to $100,000, chiefly through the generosity of Mr. GEORGE I. SENEY.

Indefatigable in work, from 1878 to 1882 Dr. HAYGOOD added to the labors of the presidency the editorship of the *Wesleyan Christian Advocate*, published at Macon, and in 1882 was made agent of the SLATER fund. In May, 1882, he was elected Bishop at the General Conference at Nashville, but declined ordination in order to continue in the educational work—an occurrence which has but two parallels in the history of American Methodism. JOSHUA SOULE, when elected Bishop, refused ordination because the General Conference had enacted a law which he believed to be unconstitutional, and therefore could not conscientiously enforce. WILBUR FISK, President of Wesleyan University, was elected Bishop during his absence in Europe, but declined the honor because he thought that he could serve the Church more effectively as President of the University.

It was not until 1880 that attention was generally attracted to Dr. HAYGOOD'S views upon the issues growing out of the civil war and its consequences. On Thanksgiving Day of that year he preached a sermon entitled "The New South: Gratitude, Amendment, Hope." This discourse is included in *Representative American Discourses*, edited by Professor ALEXANDER JOHNSON, of the College of New Jersey. The writer had made the acquaintance of Dr. HAYGOOD at Cincinnati, and was impressed with the clearness and vigor of his mind; but, when this notable discourse appeared, saw a new instance of the impossibility of inferring from ordinary interviews and conversation what a man, inspired with a great theme and a due sense of responsibility, can become on a critical occasion. This sermon aroused a great storm in the South; but the more it was discussed and read, the greater its power to mould and crystallize sentiment became. In August, 1883, Dr. HAYGOOD spoke on the "Education of the Negro," and this address received even more attention than the sermon on the New South.

In December, 1884, Dr. HAYGOOD resigned his position as President of Emory College, that he might devote his whole time and strength to the SLATER fund. On March 4, 1882, Mr. JOHN F. SLATER, of Norwich, Connecticut, addressed a communication to ex-President RUTHERFORD B. HAYES, to the late Chief-Justice M. R. WAITE, the late WILLIAM E. DODGE, of New York, the Rev. PHILLIPS BROOKS, of Massachusetts, and six other distinguished gentlemen, in which he informed them that he proposed to give a million dollars to aid in "the Christian education of the lately emancipated population of the Southern States and their descendants." He desired them to organize as a Board of Trust for the proper management of this vast fund in carrying out his purposes. He said to these gentlemen, "It is my wish that this trust be administered in no partisan, sectional, or sectarian spirit, but in the interests of a generous patriotism and an enlightened Christian faith," and left them great liberty of action. The interest only of this fund is used.

The principles adopted by the Board and carried out by Dr. HAYGOOD are:

1st. To place the money in schools already established by churches, societies or State governments. It is not used to originate schools or erect buildings.

2d. To place it in schools under Christian influences.

3d. To select those schools believed to be doing the best educational work in preparing men and women to teach among their own people.

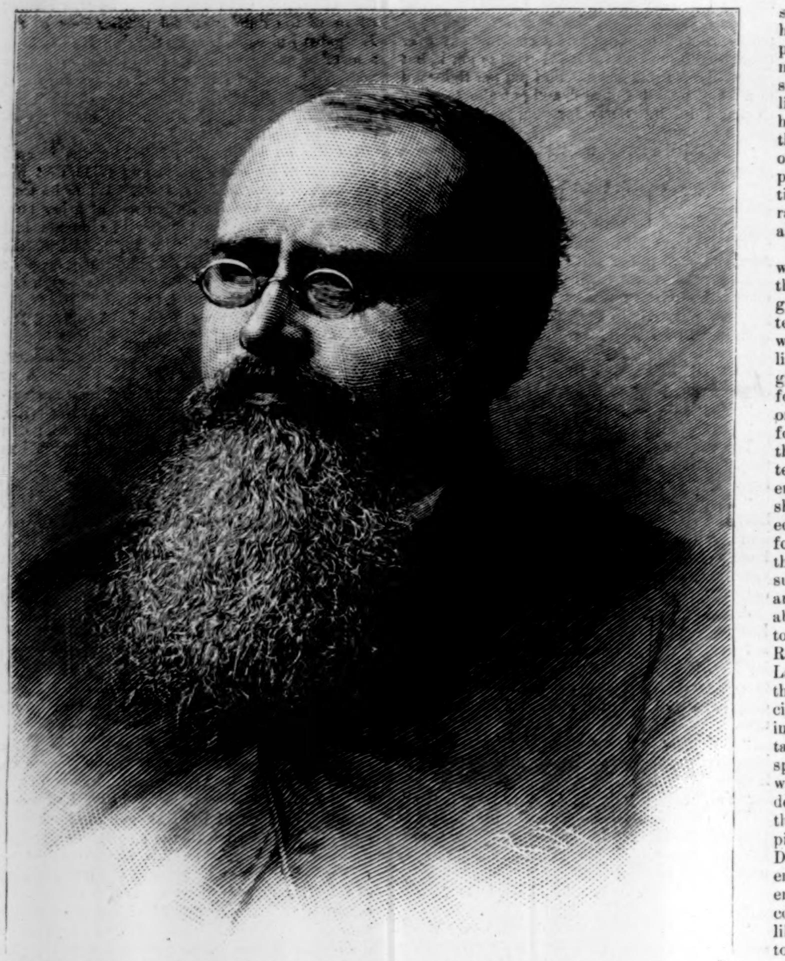
4th. To prefer institutions that conjoin with book-teaching instruction in some form of industrial training.

To give some idea of the work already accomplished by the wise distribution of this fund, I will state that when it was started Hampton was the only school in which industrial training was in full operation. There were two or three others in which it was barely begun. Now it is in every school connected with the SLATER fund, and in most other important schools for the colored people. The uniform testimony which I have heard in various visits to the South has been that those who do best in the shops also lead in books. Most of the best teachers in the more than fifteen thousand common schools for colored children in the South are those who have gone out from these institutions. Congress passed a vote of thanks to Mr. SLATER on the 15th of February, 1883.

Dr. HAYGOOD is a man of astonishing endurance. In the discharge of his duty as superintendent of the SLATER fund he travels 20,000 miles a year, and frequently speaks upon the education of the negro or other educational questions.

He is a firm believer in Prohibition, but is equally firm in the conviction that it is not to be secured by a separate party. He is in favor of the higher education of women, but thoroughly opposed to imposing upon them the burden of civil government or investing them with the suffrage.

The list of his works is already long. In 1872 he wrote a prize essay on missions entitled "Go or Send," and since that time he has written a great number of pamphlets on prohibition. He has been especially forcible in his treatment of



REV. ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD, D.D., LL.D., OF DECATUR, GEORGIA.—From a Photograph by Motes, Atlanta.—[See Page 131.]

JACOB TOME, THE EDUCATIONAL BENEFACTOR, OF PORT DEPOSIT, MARYLAND.—[See Page 134.]

the convict system in Georgia, and other reform subjects. In 1876 he published *Our Children*; in 1881, that notable book *Our Brother in Black*; in 1884, *Sermons and Speeches*. A work now in press is entitled *A Plea for Progress*. It has been an open secret for some time that he is collecting material for a book of general importance, to be called *The Education of a Race*, which will give the history of the education of the negro race in this country.

Much of the work done by Dr. Haygood is gratuitous. He is at the service of the people. Progress is his constant theme, and he is ready to make every effort to facilitate it. Thus far he has given evidence of being able to discriminate between reform and deform, values everything that is good in the past and the present, and seeks to promote a united Christianity and a homogeneous country.

J. M. Buckley, D.D.

OZOKERITE.

A prospector among the mountains of Utah four years ago found in one of the numerous bar-rooms of a little mining town a small conical object of dark color which the proprietor of the dram-shop used as a paper-weight. It looked like a piece of gutta-percha, yielded slightly to the pressure of the thumb nail, and possessed a mild resinous flavor and smell. From its shape it had evidently been moulded in a beer glass. "What is it?" asked the visitor, after examining it curiously. "Chewing-gum," sententiously replied the bar-tender; "lots of it back here in the hills." The prospector had "struck pay dirt" when he little expected it, for the "chewing-gum" was no less important a substance than ozokerite, or mineral wax, commercially known as ceresin, and up to that time popularly believed to exist only in the Austrian province of Galicia.

Attention was first drawn to the mineral in this country about the year 1879, when Mr. Jacob Wallace, of New York city, an importer of Austrian products, received a consignment of it and introduced it to the trade, where it soon proved to be most valuable in the adulteration of beeswax and the manufacture of many articles into which beeswax largely enters. Mr. Wallace, a man with the inherited tastes of a naturalist, was himself so strongly impressed with the properties of the comparatively new product that he determined to search for ozokerite deposits in this country. His first work was done among the mineralogical records contained in New York libraries, and was almost barren of result. A slight trace was found, however, in the tenth census report, which gave a brief and fragmentary description of a mineral substance that Mr. Wallace believed to be identical with the one he was looking for. The hunt was then transferred to the mountains of Utah, where, after varied experiences among Mormons, Gentiles, and aborigines, Mr. Wallace ran down his game in the manner already described.

The owner of the paper-weight was easily persuaded to conduct the prospector to the "chewing-gum" deposits, although his contempt for a "tenderfoot" who would pass by minerals of established value to look for "chewing-gum" was apparent. Mr. Wallace found the mineral cropping out on the mountain-sides, apparently forced from its hiding-places by the immense weight upon it, and tests of the various specimens gathered on the surface and by sinking shafts showed that it was undoubtedly ozokerite in its purest natural form. Mr. Wallace at once had the region thoroughly explored and surveyed, and under the mineral and desert land acts pre-empted about eight square miles of territory, on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, 114 miles east of Salt Lake City. The White River runs through the property, and the principal ozokerite deposits are found in the Wasatch and Uintah mountains. The inhabitants of the sparsely settled region chewed the wax, the masticatory satisfaction derived being much the same as that obtained by working over a piece of spruce gum, while the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad engineers, having learned its brightening properties, polished their locomotives with it till they shone like burnished steel and brass, but to these two uses was the American mineral confined.

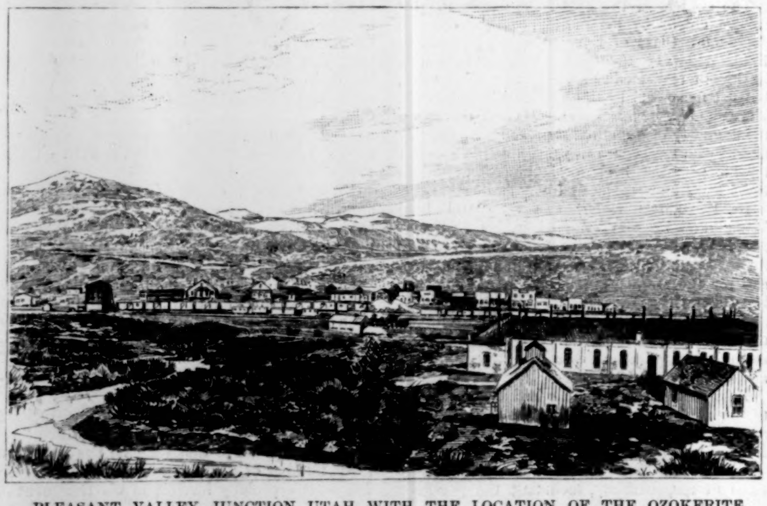
While the Utah explorations were proceeding Mr. Richard J. Kroupa, a chemist of recognized reputation, was despatched to Europe to learn everything he could about the mining, refining, and practical uses of ozokerite. This task was not an easy one, the secrecy preserved in the ozokerite districts being so great that it is difficult for the Austrian government even to make surveys and secure reports. By spending seven or eight months in Galicia, and by the aid of friends and the use of ingenious disguises, Mr. Kroupa accomplished his object. Sometimes as a mining engineer or electrician, and again as a tourist, mineralogist, or geological student, he worked in the mines and refineries, visited manufacturers and consumers, hobnobbed with the makers of refining machinery, and gained access to the patent offices, gradually but surely extracting and assimilating the information he sought.

He discovered that the main deposits of ozokerite are in the mining region of the Carpathian range, where petroleum, rock-salt, potassium chlorides, sulphur, and brown coal are also found. Boryslaw, a place of 12,000 inhabitants, is the principal one of half a dozen mining towns that are almost entirely supported by the industry. Here the salt clay or wax-bearing formation is found at a depth of from twenty to seventy feet, under layers of peat, clay, and sand, in close proximity to rock-salt deposits and slate rich in fossils, all being impregnated with oil. At Truskawiec, not far away, there are surface veins of ozokerite, and the ground is honey-combed with shafts and wells. A black oil, which is used for axle-grease and all kinds of lubricants, also abounds. This oil filtrates through the earth crevices, and by pressure, heat, and general chemical decomposition forms the wax. The mining is in some cases by windlasses and buckets, manual labor according to most primitive methods being employed, while in others perfected machinery is used. Blasting is so dangerous that it is rarely permitted, disastrous explosions which freed large volumes of gas under tremendous pressure, and filled shafts and levels so rapidly that the escape of miners was impossible, having made this prohibition necessary. Another danger to which the underground workers are exposed is the bursting through into a well of some hidden deposit of semi-liquid wax. In one instance a shaft was filled in a single night by such a flood, which destroyed several lives, but yielded to the owner of the mine 30,000 florins' worth of ozokerite. The gases which are continually escaping make the work of the miners most unhealthful, and they are able to remain underground but four hours at a time. The shafts in the Galician ozokerite mines have been sunk in places to a depth of 800 feet, with paying results.

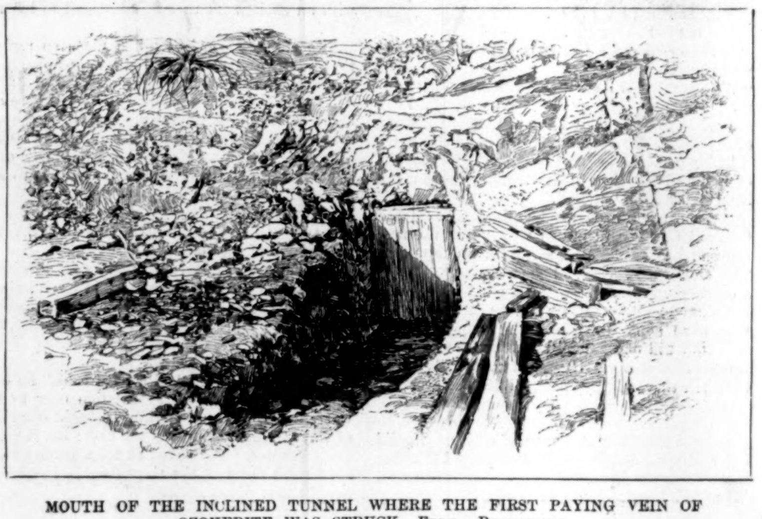
It is not strange that with all the dangers and difficulties surrounding the production of ozokerite there should be a desire to perpetuate what has hitherto been an undisputed monopoly, for the industry is most profitable. The total value of the mineral taken out at Boryslaw alone since 1861 is 300,000,000 florins (about $120,000,000), the present product being in the vicinity of 300 tons a week. The refineries are found in London, Glasgow, Vienna, Frankfort-on-Main, Buda-Pesth, and a few other places in Russian Poland, Poland, France, Germany, and Belgium. At the seaboard crude ozokerite is worth about $130 per ton, and the grade known as Hoch Prima brings £30 per ton delivered in London. In that city the import is practically absorbed by John Field & Sons, the large firm of candle-makers, who supply the British navy with all its candles.

Having finished his researches abroad, Mr. Kroupa returned to this country to apply his knowledge. The ozokerite of Utah he pronounced to be identical with that of Galicia, but generally of a better grade, while the deposits are far more extensive. Subjected to a greater pressure under the ponderous weight of the rugged Western mountains, and surrounded by absorbent clays, foreign substances have been detached and eliminated from the American wax, leaving much of it almost pure. The mineral runs in veins, some of those thus far discovered being from nine to twelve inches in width. From one of these deposits a block weighing 3500 pounds has been taken out, and the mining promises to be comparatively easy, either by tunnels or by sinking shafts. The crude ozokerite varies in color from a light yellow to brown or black, and when refined becomes as yellow as beeswax or white as paraffine. A company with $1,250,000 capital stock has been formed by Mr. Wallace and his associates, and the development of what promises to be a most important industry is being pushed.

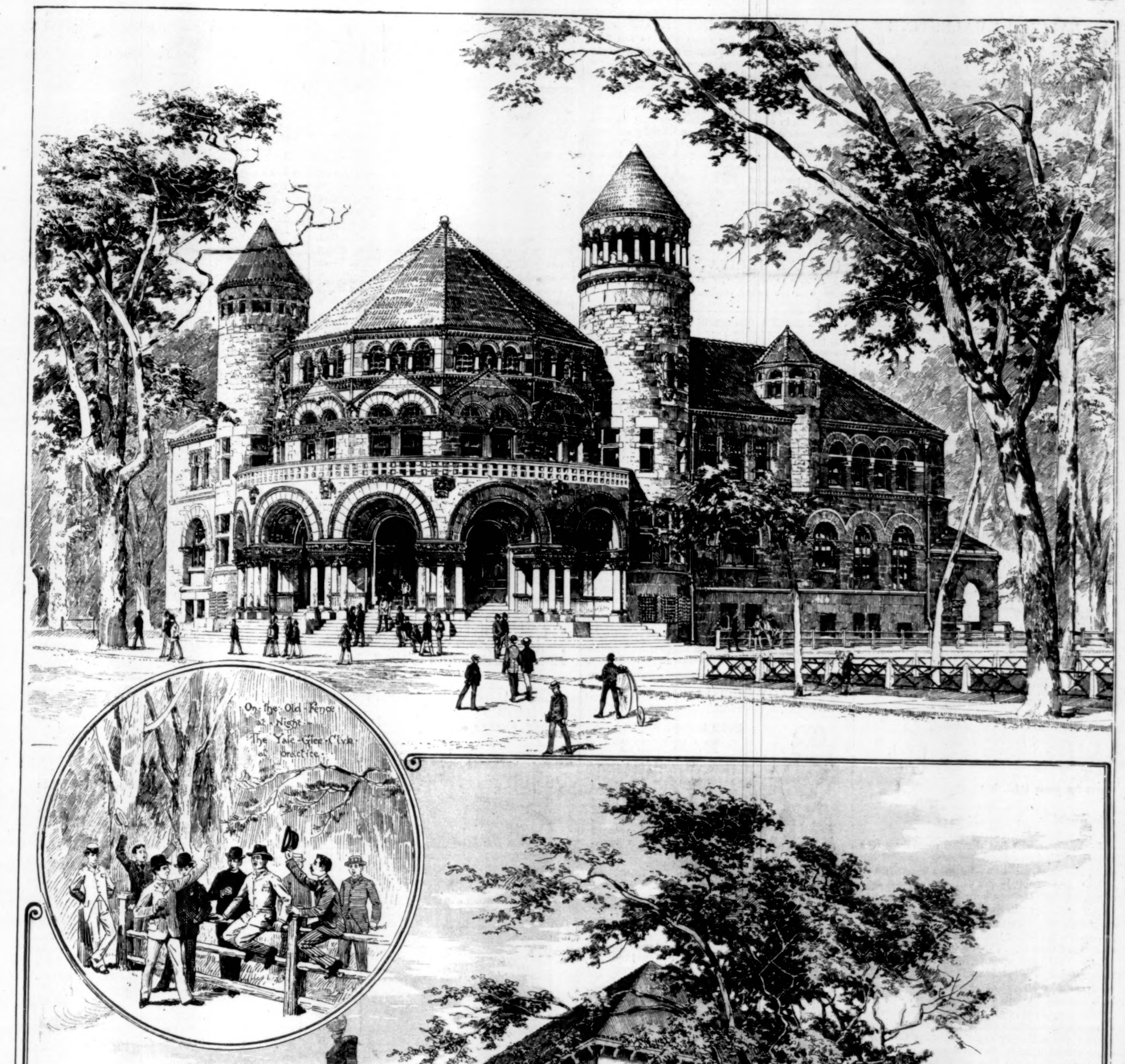
It is impossible at present to enumerate all the uses to which ozokerite may be put, as American ingenuity is finding in it a most profitable field for experiment. As the rival of beeswax, it has already reduced the price of that product from forty to twenty-five cents a pound, and this reduction will be increased as the cost of producing ozokerite decreases. But ceresin possesses many valuable qualities not found in other wax. Its melting-point is high—from 155° to 190° Fahrenheit; it is plastic without being soft, and hard without brittleness, it is decolorized without destructive distillation, alkalis and the strongest acids make no impression on it, and when refined it is odorless and tasteless. Electric wires are perfectly insulated by it, as leading electric companies have discovered to their advantage. It is valuable for all kinds of water-proofing, and papers waxed with it are being largely used in wrapping soaps, steels, books, and all kinds of articles that require protection from moisture. Boxes, tubs, barrels, and kegs lined with it are perfectly tight, and impart no unpleasant flavor to the contents, even if they are the most delicate mineral waters. The ozokerite permeates the pores of the wood instead of merely giving it a surface coating. Ozokerite is also used in lining iron tanks in which powerful acids are to be mixed. It is estimated that three-fourths of the candles used in the churches of this and other countries are made of ozokerite or beeswax strongly adulterated with it. The illuminating power of such candles is stronger than that of others, while they drip but little, and never lop over when subjected to ordinary atmospheric heat. All wax figures and wax dolls are made of ozokerite, which also enters largely into the manufacture of imitation alabaster statuettes, and the elaborate decorations which sometimes adorn wedding cakes and other confections. Among other uses to which it is put are the making of liniments, salves, and plasters, sealing-wax, wax matches, life-preservers, boot-blacking, varnishes, shoemakers' wax, and all kinds of lubricants.



PLEASANT VALLEY JUNCTION, UTAH, WITH THE LOCATION OF THE OZOKERITE DEPOSITS IN THE BACKGROUND.—From a Photograph.



MOUTH OF THE INCLINED TUNNEL WHERE THE FIRST PAYING VEIN OF OZOKERITE WAS STRUCK.—From a Photograph.



ARCHITECTURAL PROGRESS AT YALE.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 126.]

A LAWYER'S VALENTINE.

By HATTIE M. LEONARD.

Again I rise to greet the day
  That wakens life and feeling,
That brings the songster's sweetest lay,
  His happiness revealing;
The foremost courier of the May,
  Announcing her in gladness,
The spring-time sunshine's earliest ray,
  To banish thoughts of sadness.

Full oft I've known the time return
  Without one fond emotion
To wake this heart, so grave and stern,
  To Love's own sweet devotion.
The Fancies fair that fill the air
  Upon this happy season
Could not keep house with heavy Care
  And stolid sober Reason.

But now a vision floats about
  The must and dust of volumes,
And with its presence puts to rout
  My figures in their columns.
A *precedent* I can't forget
  Is not the one I've cited,
And gentle answers haunt me yet,
  My plea not half indited.

And now I've written "Valentine"
  Upon the deed I'm framing,
Right in the middle of the line!
  The senior would be blaming
This member of the firm
  Did he but know the courting
That takes my mind this term—
  A suit I'm just reporting.

Dark eyes that smile above the page,
  With tender timid glances,
Would melt the heart of any flint,
  Or blind a lawyer's senses;
The scarlet lips that tempt my own,
  Their pearly treasures showing,
The lovely brow, a cloud (dark brown)
  Of hair about it blowing;

The echo of a half-breathed "yes,"
  Called "no" the instant after,
Because you would not then confess,
  But fled with mocking laughter;
And, after that, the long long kiss
  I took, your lips compelling
To yield me all the tenderness
  Denied me in the telling.

I call this vision Valentine
  By all the loves of ages—
I call it and I make it mine,
  Recorded in these pages;
And lest thou doubt my right to do it
I'll simply sign myself to prove it,
Forever and forever thine—
Thine, and thine only, VALENTINE.

JACOB TOME.

Jacob Tome, who has decided to build a free seminary and manual training school at Port Deposit, Maryland, and to endow it to the extent of at least $2,000,000, is one of the wealthiest men of the South. He was born in Manheim Township, York County, Pennsylvania, August 13, 1810. He got a rough education from the public schools. At sixteen his father died, and he was obliged to make his own way. This he did as a laborer on a farm. He used what facilities he could command, and instructed himself until he was able to teach a small public school. He left Pennsylvania and went to Port Deposit, Maryland, in 1833. He began work in a hotel, but soon became clerk to a lumber concern, and showed such energy that a Pennsylvania capitalist offered to place $5000 against his services in the lumber business. Thus the firm of Tome & Rinehart was started, and both members became rich men. Mr. Rinehart died in 1853. Since that time Mr. Tome's career has been an uninterrupted record of money-making. He practically owns four banks; he owns thirty thousand acres of lumber lands, a great deal of city property, and seven farms, and he is largely interested in railroad and steam-boat lines and various other enterprises. His wealth is estimated at from eight to twelve millions. Mr. Tome was a firm Union man during the war. He was an important member of the State Senate in 1864 and 1866, and in 1871 he was unanimously nominated as the Republican candidate for Governor, but was defeated by William Pinckney Whyte.

Several years ago it was said that Mr. Tome intended to leave a large benefaction to Port Deposit, but he was quiet on the subject, and it was not until the "Tome Male and Female Seminary" was incorporated this year that the extent of his plans became known. Briefly those plans are to erect several large buildings, at a cost of a half-million dollars, and to set aside two million dollars as an endowment fund for the operation of the school. This amount may be increased to three millions. Following the example of Isaiah Williamson and Charles Pratt, Mr. Tome desires to have the institution fully established before his death. Boys will be taught all the trades. Girls will be taught how to sew and cook, and will be instructed in such occupations as type-writing, stenography, telegraphy, and carving. Five hundred will be the capacity of the school. It will not be a boarding-school. Mr. Tome, in speaking of his gift, said: "I want to give poor boys and girls a chance. I know what the value of an education is, and I made up my mind years ago that I would do what I could to help others along. I have lived for fifty-six years in Port Deposit, and have made all my money there, and I think it is only right that I should spend some of it for the good of the people who helped me along." Several years ago Mr. Tome gave Dickinson College a new scientific building, and he presented the Port Deposit Methodists with a new church costing $65,000. He is nearly seventy-nine years old, but is in hale and vigorous health.

A TERRIBLE MISFORTUNE.

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When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
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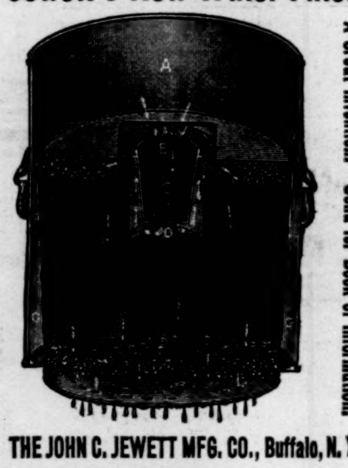

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STRIKER. "Infarmation."
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STRIKER. "Sure 'n it was that, whin oi sthruck, but it's well infarmed oi am now, that the nixt toime oi sthrike it will be whin oi'm on the perlayce force."

TICKING.

"What's the matter, Uncle Cephas? You seem to be a kind o' narvous."

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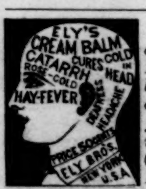

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"MORAL: INSURE IN THE TRAVELE

THE CITY OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA.

BY WILLIAM WILLARD HOWARD.

A STIRRING sort of man, with assertive gray eyes and a tremulous chin-whisker, climbed into a Rock Island vestibule car at an Iowa station not long ago and seated himself beside me. After he had read my papers and asked where I came from, where I was going, what my business was, and why I neglected to buy a corner lot in Omaha as an investment for posterity, he pushed back his woollen cap and talked himself black in the face.

"Now there's that there Omaha," said he, in reply to a purely perfunctory inquiry about the development of the West; "there's a lot o' men out there that make a spesh-al-ty o' doin' bus'ness, and they're jist natch'ly goin' to git other people to come in there an' do bus'ness."

Whatever misgivings I may have had concerning the man's religious beliefs and political views, which he felt impelled to explain at some length, I have no hesitation in saying that his was the most concise and comprehensive description of Omaha that I had heard in a journey two-thirds of the way across the continent and back. Shorn of its absurd English, the idea pictures Omaha as in a mirror. Omaha makes a specialty of doing business. Even he who runs may read in this that the city of Omaha is the commercial gateway to Nebraska, Wyoming, Utah, and part of Colorado. Few persons need to be told the material significance of this condition of things.

The importance of Omaha as a distributing point and trading centre for an almost limitless extent of western territory is not of recent origin, if the Nebraska standard of age is taken as a basis of comparison, for the place had its beginning in 1854, which, in the calendar of the new West, is hardly less remote than the voyages of the *Half Moon*. In many respects the nature of that beginning foreshadowed the character of the modern city with remarkable accuracy. The place was then, as now, a trading point for much of the country beyond the Missouri. As early as 1846 there had been a town in the neighborhood, but, as it was on the wrong side of the river, and a Mormon settlement at that, it did not have a noticeably rapid growth. This place was originally known as Miller's Hill, or Miller's Hollow, but it was subsequently christened Kanesville, in honor of General Thomas L. Kane, a man of brilliant intellect and benevolent impulses, who died at his country home at Kane, Pennsylvania, some four years ago. When volunteers for the Mexican war were called for, in 1846, General Kane organized a battalion of the Kanesville Mormons and took it across the plains to California. In the war of the Rebellion he was in command of the famous Bucktail regiment of sharp-shooters from the northern counties of Pennsylvania.

The name of Kanesville was retained by the Mormon town until 1853, when Council Bluffs was adopted as more euphonious and descriptive. The name Council Bluffs remains to distinguish what is now one of the largest and most representative cities in Iowa.

In addition to the extensive business operations carried on by the Mormons, there was plenty of overland travel to make Council Bluffs prosperous. It was at this point that wagon trains were fitted out to cross the western wilds to the gold diggings in California; and it was from this place also that Brigham Young and his followers took their departure, on April 14, 1847, to found a polygamous colony in the pathless wilderness. The Missouri River was crossed at Council Bluffs by means of what was known as the Lone Tree Ferry, which took its name from a single forlorn tree standing on the Nebraska bank of the stream. The ferry was operated by William D. Brown, who owned a half interest in a hotel in Council Bluffs. This man had set out for California in 1849, but he had been shrewd enough to see that a ferry at Council Bluffs would pay almost as well as a gold mine, and at the same time be much more certain in its returns. Moreover, he was far-sighted to an extent that enabled him to see that a town would some day spring up on the plateau across the river from Council Bluffs. He talked the matter over with some friends at his hotel, and as a result the Council Bluffs and Nebraska Steam Ferry Company was organized on July 23, 1853, with a view of securing a town site on the plateau as soon as Nebraska was recognized by the government as a Territory. In the fall of that year several squatters crossed over the river from Council Bluffs to the plateau to locate claims. In a short time, however, they were driven off by the Indian Agent.

In February, 1854, the Otoe, Missouri, and Omaha Indians consented to relinquish the title to their lands for a reasonable consideration. The Indians signed the documents in March and April. On May 23d Congress passed the Kansas-Nebraska Bill, which opened Kansas and Nebraska to settlers. The ferry company lost no time in carrying out its plans. It caused the town site to be surveyed and platted, and celebrated the completion of the work by a picnic on Capitol Hill on July 4th. Among the merrymakers at the picnic were a number of persons who subsequently became leading citizens in the city of Omaha.

The new town was called Omaha, in honor of the nearest tribe of Indians. The proprietors of the ferry deserve something more than passing commendation for having preserved so beautiful a name in such a permanent form. It is to be regretted that so few of the aboriginal names have been handed down to posterity by the early settlers of the new West, which has to a sad degree been littered over with the names of the first saloon-keepers or real-estate speculators who chose to organize town-site companies. If the new settlers themselves will not act fittingly in this matter the government ought to take them in hand, to the end that the crop of McGuffinsvilles, Jonesburgs, and Smithtowns shall be kept under judicious control. An illustration of the manner in which new settlers occasionally run riot with names is seen in western Kansas, where there is a new county called Greeley. In that county is a town called Horace, another named Tribune, a third known as Whitelaw, and a fourth christened Reid. The Republicans are said to claim the county by a safe majority.

Fortunate in the possession of a good name, and endowed with most of the natural advantages that build a great city, Omaha began life with bright prospects of a prosperous future. The first buildings were of a rude and primitive character. The third structure erected was used as a saloon and grocery store. In these later days of Christianity and growing civilization, the best towns are those which begin with school-houses and churches, instead of saloons. Almost with its first settlement Omaha had a newspaper, the *Arrow*, which had an existence covering twelve hopeful issues, beginning July 28th, and ending November 10th. In the first number the editor published a fanciful sketch purporting to be a description of a dream wherein he saw the Omaha of the future. By one of those remarkable coincidences which sometimes occur, the Omaha of to-day is a literal fulfilment of that dream.

During the summer and fall of 1854 the settlers of the new Territory were busily employed in putting up claim houses and in keeping an apprehensive lookout for Indians, yet they seemed to have plenty of time in which to organize political combinations for the purpose of locating the Territorial capital. Omaha naturally wanted the honor, and by a judicious distribution of building lots, in an addition specially provided for the purpose, her lobbyists succeeded in securing a majority of the Legislative vote. The deciding vote was purchased at an outlay of town lots that sold for $3600 a year later. Members of that Legislature apparently came cheap. The Speaker of the Assembly was so favorably disposed toward Omaha that members of the opposition were told that if they did not sit down when they were told to do so they would be knocked down!

These early days were of a rough-and-ready, and sometimes rough-and-tumble, sort, yet the people were, as a rule, plain, honest, and good-hearted. Civilization was far away to most of them, but never altogether forgotten. There was a crude attempt at social life here and there that may cause a smile of amusement in the Omaha of to-day. The first Executive ball, which was held in January, 1855, to do honor to the new Governor, was a truly grotesque affair. The room in which the dancers assembled was part of an unfinished hotel. The floor was so coated with ice that the nine ladies who were in attendance were not always able to keep to their feet as the one lonesome fiddler called out the changes in the Virginia Reel and the old-fashioned quadrille. If the hardy Nebraska pioneer swung his buxom partner with too much zest, he was likely to mar the symmetry of the dance by floundering about among the feet of the appreciative legislators, who were seated on the rough cotton-wood benches at the sides of the room. Despite the fact that his Southern blood was well-nigh frozen in his veins, Governor Izard bore the honors with what contemporary history calls "amiable fortitude." He is casually described as having "stood around shivering in the cold," but as this allusion follows a reference to a supper of black coffee, thick bacon sandwiches, and dried-apple pie, its precise application may be questioned. Indeed, one might well assume that upon contemplating the dried-apple pie and the other substantial articles of the feast, the gently nurtured Southern gentleman shivered from apprehension as much as from the midwinter cold. This was the only Executive ball ever held in Omaha. Possibly the people believed that one such affair in a lifetime was enough.

The young Omaha had a hard time of it, first and last, with Territorial honors. Other towns fought with dogged tenacity for the possession of the seat of government, and it was only at the cost of a liberal expenditure of money, combined with actual assault and battery in the meetings of the Legislature, that Omaha kept hold of the Capitol. She lost it, however, in 1867, when Nebraska became a State. This was the natural result of the settlement and development of the country, as a town on the extreme eastern border of the State could not expect to be the central seat of Executive power. Omaha had gained so good a start by this time that the removal did not seriously affect her. The overland trade kept business moving briskly, and strengthened the local belief that Omaha was destined to be a large and wealthy city, although scores of persons laughed in scorn when an orator predicted that at some future day the gateway to Nebraska would have a population of one hundred thousand.

With the completion of the Union Pacific Railroad, in 1869, there was a cessation of the overland business. The big freighting wagons came no more to the banks of the Missouri at Omaha, but went still farther west to find employment in the byways of the mountains. The tide of prairie schooners ebbed somewhat, because men found that it was cheaper to pay railroad fares than to provide feed for the stock and provisions for the family in the slow march westward in a wagon. It is a rather singular fact that with all the transportation facilities offered by the seven big railroads that cross the plains to the Rocky Mountains, the prairie schooner even yet straggles back and forth on the highways of travel like the wandering Arab. On any summer day the dirty-white canvas wagon-cover, the fitful whirl of dust beneath plodding horses' feet, and the discouraged spare horse tied behind the wagon may be seen in silhouette against the monotonous brown landscape or the gleaming blue sky. Most of the owners of these wagons are "movers." They get the name from their chronic habit of moving from one part of the country to another, and back again, as often as the humor controls them, or as often as the familiar scenes of a locality pall upon their jaded fancies. The mover has an unquenchable thirst for making a settlement on new land, in the vague hope of making a fortune. If the fortune does not come in a year or two, the mover tries some other place, and in the course of time drifts back to his original starting-point, where he remains until he has accumulated enough discontent and wind-broken horses to begin his moving anew. In a mountain pass in Colorado last summer I renewed acquaintance with a mover whom I had met on the old Santa Fe trail ten years ago.

"Well, what's the matter this time?" I asked, accepting a seat at the camp fire.

"Matter enough," replied the old fellow. "Gittin' too 'fernal crowded up thar."

"Up where?"

"Back yer in the mountains. Had a claim up thar: mighty fine claim. Tender-feet f'm Arkansas kem in an' crowded us out."

"That's rough. They came in pretty close, I suppose?"

"Clost? Why, pardner, you may shoot me if one feller didn't have the gall to come in an' file a claim at the Forks, an' that ain't more'n forty mile from my cabin! Clost? Why, they don't give a man no room to breathe in, let alone pascher a few head of stock!"

This man was returning in despair to the crowded haunts of civilization in southwestern Missouri, where there is a farm-house every five miles along the road. He is a fair representative of a certain type of man who seeks continually for a home in the wilderness remote from human beings. Why he does it I do not know. I imagine that his action is due to a Robinson Crusoe sort of feeling, whereby he imagines himself to be monarch of all he surveys. To a man of the true backwoods spirit the intrusion of a new settler forty miles down the river is an impertinence to be resented.

Sometimes one of these movers' wagons, as it strays through the streets of Omaha upon some desultory errand, illustrates with striking realism the contrast between the old and the new in the great West. When one sees the imposing buildings, the busy streets, the electric lights, the cable cars, and all the other indications of modern civilization and material progress, the shambling prairie schooner, with its droop-necked horses and its doubled-up driver, seems to be an almost impossible relic of the half-forgotten past. The mover marvels open-mouthed at the modern Omaha, which, in his slow reckoning of events, he remembers as an outfitter of prairie schooners when he started across the plains for the first time in 1867. This is only his fourth trip, and yet here is Omaha with a population of 120,000, and more new-fangled ways than an honest mover could count in a week if he tried.

The mover has reason to be surprised and confused, for most of Omaha's wonderful advance has been made since 1882. In that year Omaha contained only 30,000 people, who had gathered there from all parts of the country during the preceding decade. Some of these inhabitants were in Omaha for the purpose of growing up with the country; others were waiting for a chance to improve their condition elsewhere; while some, it must be acknowledged, made the city their home because they could not get away. In 1882 and 1883 there began in the country west of the Missouri River a boom in real estate and a growth in population that probably never will be surpassed in all time to come. As one of the chief gateways to the great plains, Omaha naturally felt the effects of the boom very quickly. Her merchants awoke to a sense of increasing trade; her property-owners felt the real-estate market jumping like a young colt, and her speculators and her general business men saw opportunities unfolding where none had existed before. Some towns are so conservative or so timid that good fortune comes, tarries awhile expectantly, and then flies off in disgust before they can bring their slow wits to work to make it theirs. Omaha was not of this kind. She saw the opportunity when it came, and the celerity with which she pounced upon it gave some of her conservative neighbors a severe attack of apprehension. Several amiable and easy-going towns were sorry for Omaha, with her unstable boom and her influx of strangers, many of whom, no doubt, being no better than they should be. None of these amiable neighbors wanted a boom, not one. In fact, it was a very reprehensible practice to put a fictitious value to town lots and then induce honest folk to buy them. Doubtless all this pious talk was merely a case of sour grapes, for now that Omaha has become rich and great, her apprehensive friends are making half-hearted efforts to develop booms for themselves. It is too late for that sort of thing now, however, as Omaha has made herself so indisputably the northern metropolis of the plains that no neighboring place can make headway against her.

Omaha's boom was, in all important respects, the same as Kansas City's, Hutchinson's, or Wichita's. It came to an end before it had become actually delirious, and so saved the city from inconvenience and loss. When the real-estate craze ceased, building began, and the structures erected were, in every case, finer and handsomer than any which the city had formerly possessed. A stranger who knew absolutely nothing about Omaha would be able to read her history in her architecture. He would say without hesitation that the city had reached the third stage of her career. He might explain, if asked, that the old wooden buildings which still fill many streets represented the first period of urban life, when houses and stores were makeshift affairs of wood, with unpainted sides and hideous battlement fronts. Following these experimental habitations came the plain brick buildings, which were designed, as well as built, by the bricklayer. They represented the second period, which begins when the permanency of a city is assured. It has no ending. The third period is marked by buildings of stone and by the best work of the professional architect.

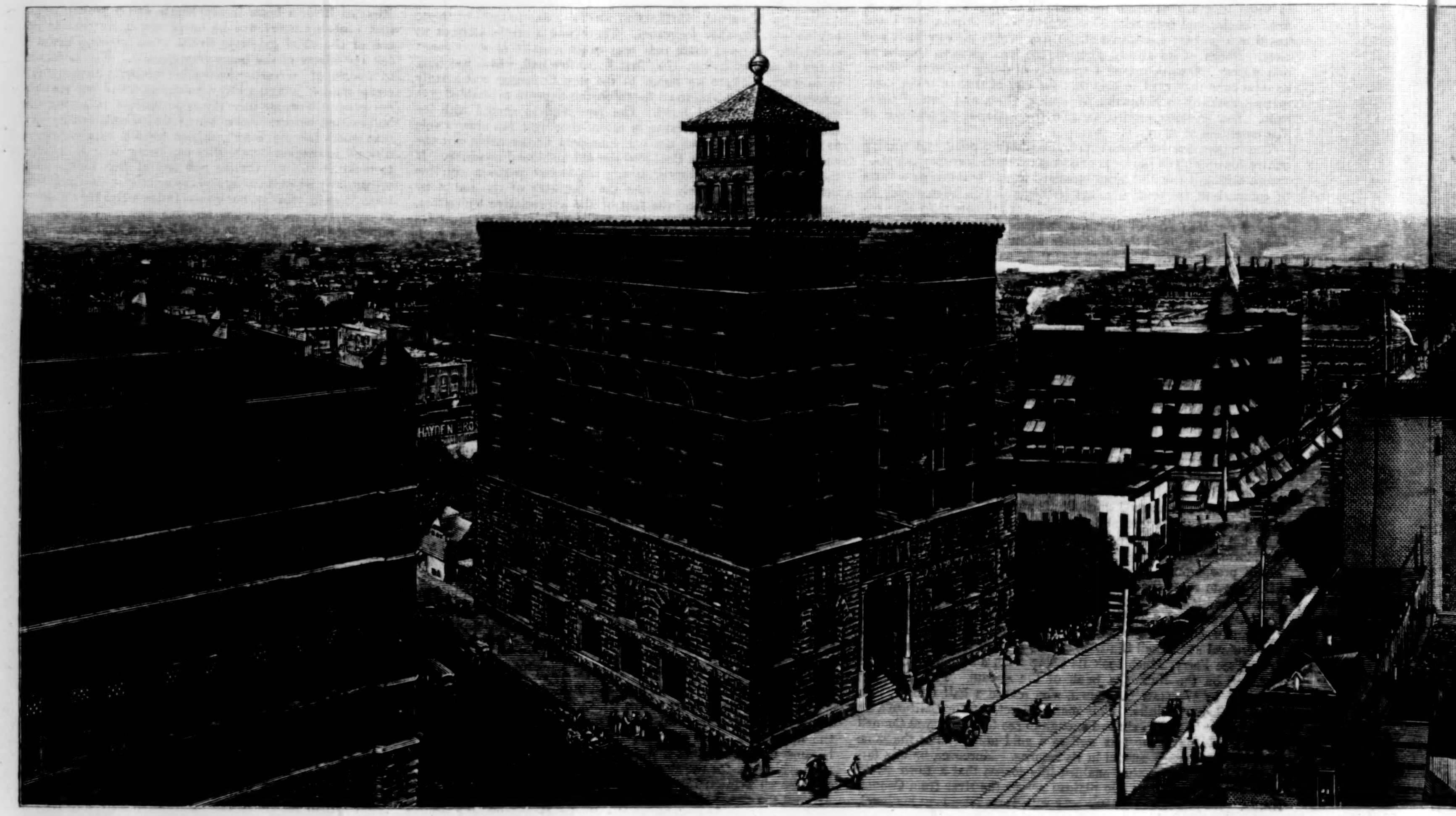
It is easy enough for any reasonably prosperous town to pass through the first period into the second; but the third period is reached only by cities that have not only stability and wealth, but also intellectual culture and a liberal spirit of progress. Too many large cities never reach the third period, because their people cannot get out of the rut marked out by their pioneer forefathers. They fail to recognize the utility of beauty, and they cannot see why a plain business block designed and built by a bricklayer or a boss carpenter is not just as good as the ornamental structure designed by the professional architect, especially as it contains fully as many square feet of floor space, and costs much less to build. There is practically little hope for these people, as all their ideas of life are formed on the same basis. Once in a while they are heard declaring, with what seems to be unnecessary vehemence, that it is a waste of the public money to build city parks and to teach German, French, and Latin in the public schools.

Usually the third stage of a city's growth is not looked for until many years after the second stage is entered upon; but in Omaha the first, second, and third stages may be found literally standing side by side. To the careful observer this is a remarkable illustration of the growth of the city, in showing as it does that the people were hardly done with the first before they were beginning with the third. It demonstrates, too, that the prosperity of the city is genuine and substantial. Large financial corporations would not invest a million dollars in an office building unless there was a certainty that it would pay. Proprietors of newspapers do not usually spend half a million on a new building unless their business warrants it. I fancy that Mr. Edward Rosewater would not put up his magnificent new Omaha *Bee* building if he did not have an iron-clad faith in the future of the city. For a city of only 120,000 people, this *Bee* building is a remarkable thing. There are in the city of New York only two, or possibly three, newspaper buildings superior to it. In a section of country so accurately represented by its newspapers as the West is, the erection of this huge mass of brick and stone is a significant indication of a solid general prosperity. There are other good newspapers in Omaha, notably the *Herald*, the *Republican*, and the *World*; but they have not yet seen fit to indicate their progress by costly architectural monuments. Doubtless they will take the matter in hand when they note the added progress and influence of the *Bee*.

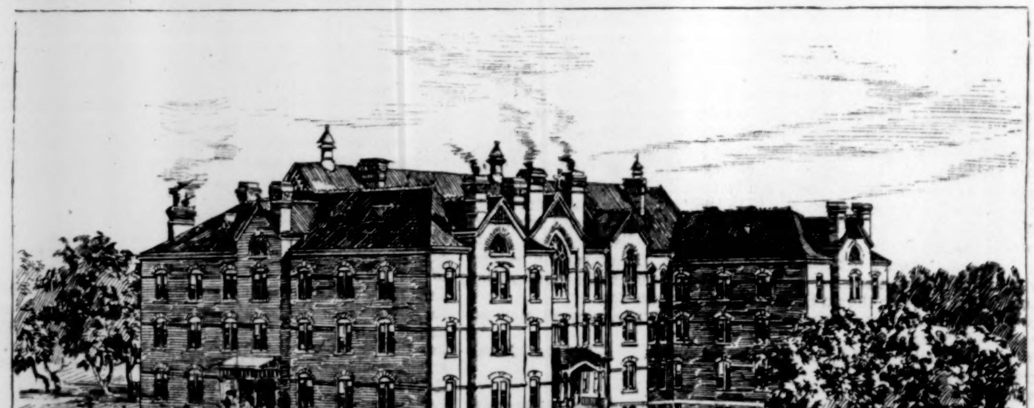
Omaha's intelligent appreciation of the value of sightly architecture is shown fully in her County Court-House, which, with the exception of the High-School, is the only really creditable public building in the city. The court-house is a massive granite structure standing at the head of the business portion of Farnam Street,

POST-OFFICE.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.



VIEW OF THE CITY FROM THE TO



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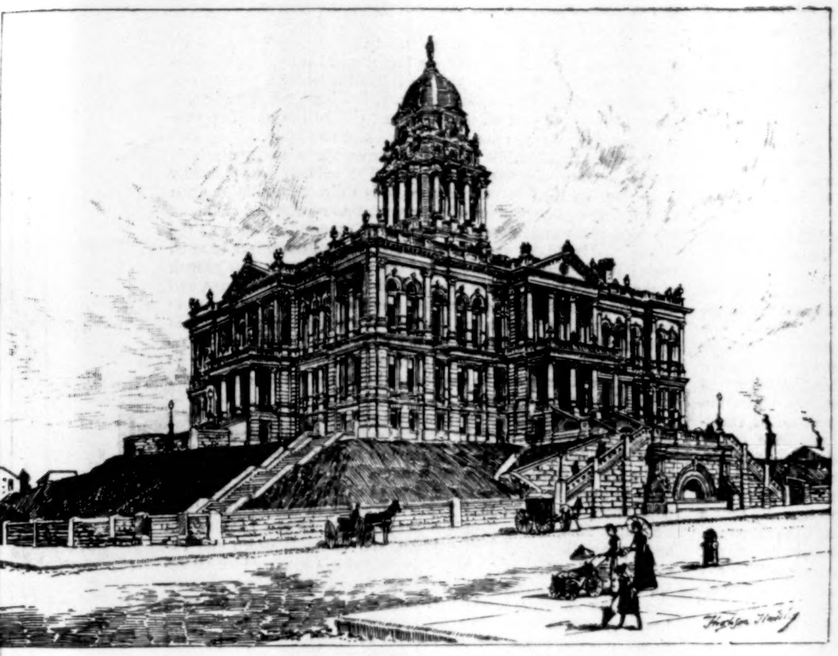
KOUNTZE MEMORIAL LUTHERAN CHURCH.

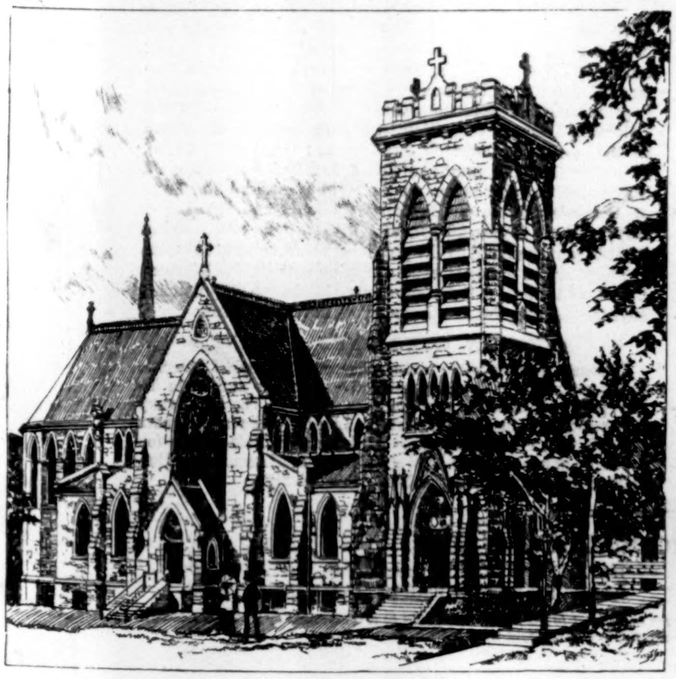
THE CITY OF OMAHA, NEBRASKA, AND ITS ARCHITEC



DOUGLAS COUNTY COURT-HOUSE.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.

TOWER OF THE COURT-HOUSE.



TRINITY CATHEDRAL.

HIGH-SCHOOL.

ECTURAL FEATURES.—FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. W. MARSH.